

# Maclean's

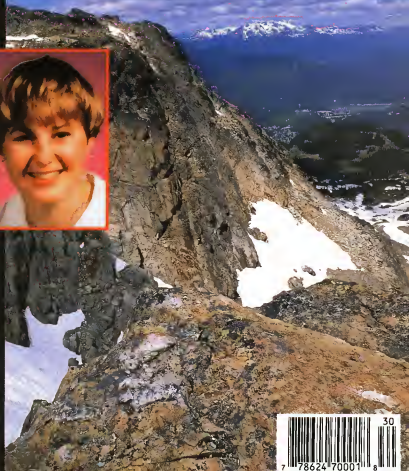
# MISSING

At 4:20 p.m.  
on Oct. 8, 1994,  
a hiker took  
Ann Marie  
Potton's picture  
on Whistler  
Mountain.  
No one has  
seen her since.



.....

Each year in  
Canada, police get  
more than 50,000  
reports about  
missing people



But you'll always come to my aid.  
You'll twist it around, and for the end  
your thumb will touch my chest by heart.  
People will see your new lovely hand  
You'll feel proud, sure, of wearing it.

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**Maclean's**

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
JULY 24, 1995 VOL. 20 NO. 30

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## 5.2 FOTHERINGHAM



## Missing

**36** On Oct. 8, 1994, 24-year-old Ann Marie Pottou hiked up Whistler Mountain—and vanished. Had she been under 18, she would have qualified for the RCMP's Missing Children's Registry. But as a missing adult, it was up to her unique circle of family and friends to mount an ongoing search.

## The outrage of Bosnia

**22** Bosnian refugees, accusing their Serb conquerors of rape and murder, fled the "safe haven" of Srebrenica, sparking debate about the future of the region's UN mission. Ottavio condemned the attack, but offered no policy options.



## The rodeo rush

**45** Rodeo riders at the annual Calgary Stampede represent the last vestiges of the Wild West. In the name of western tradition, they are stomped on by wild bulls and knocked around by bucking broncos. A handful can make handsome living on the rodeo circuit, while others do it for the adrenaline rush and the glory of being a cowboy.



**Pfizer Inc.** *unsubstantiated reports and charges of unethical practices in* *Hydrex*; *Pfizer Inc.* *11/10* *Protein Science* is *Journal Club*; *11/10* *24*; *Protein Science* is *Journal Club*.



# LETTERS

## A hanging vote

Kudos to Allan Fotheringham for taking a stand on capital punishment ("Preston Manning's not-so-capital idea," *Colum*, July 10). As someone one of the few Western opponents of the death penalty, I do not share the opinion of Reform party leader Preston Manning. His efforts to establish on the Paul Bernardo case reveal his true colours. He is not a man of reason, as he professes, but a political opportunist ready to exploit any situation to further his objectives.

Steele Dougan,  
Calgary



Manning: revealing his true political colours

scored into between the Crown and aboriginal peoples? The treaties were made and the privileges awarded because we natives are the first inhabitants of this country. The rights that aboriginal people have and the concessions that we are concerned about are small payment for a great tract of land such as Canada.

Darrell W. Wingardine,  
Saskatoon

This country should revert to having one class of Canadian citizenship and stop the practice of creating special classes of special people with special rights. The Constitution needs to be changed to make all strictly voluntary so that people still have the right to subsidize all those unfortunate single mothers and orphanages if they want it, but the rest of us can opt out of supporting people we do not approve of with programs we would not support voluntarily.

John S. Spencer,  
Regina, Ont.

## Surveying Canada

We read with interest your recent survey of Canadians ("A quiet passion," *Cover*, July 1). Using the facilities of an electronic meeting room, we surveyed more than 500 young Canadians, male and female, aged 18 to 12 on what being Canadian means. Here are their top 5 responses:

1. freedom and opportunities
2. hockey
3. lakes
4. taxes
5. less violence

We thought it interesting to compare the

voices of innocence with those of us parents.

Brenda Gilling,  
Erin Lockhart,  
Queen's University Executive Deputies  
Conroy,  
Kingston, Ont.

Rich Salafia's essay, "A plea for Canada," draws the most piercing spotlight on the pervasive ideology of corporate-sponsored individualism I have yet seen. As we lose our commitment to community, and society crumbles into units of labor and consumption, a new Dark Age will pervade not only Canada, but the world.

Sandra Krutcher,  
Farmers, Alta.

No doubt Mr. Salafia expressed a view shared by many Canadians, but it does seem an odd choice for an issue celebrating Canada's growing nationalism. Has it really been all downhill for the past 30 years? Are there no Canadians of stature to support a positive view of Canada and her future?

Graham F. Nault,  
Ridgewood, Mich.

## 'To make right'

No one would have ever imagined in their wildest dreams that I would one day go to jail to serve a sentence of two years less a day after reading "Barred to solitude" (*Cover*, June 13) about alternative sentencing. I decided to speak out. Twelve years ago, I was convicted of impaired driving causing death. But the jail experience never made me a better person. Prior to my accident, I was a hardworking, caring and loyal member of my workplace. The disorientation of going through the jail system has left me emotionally crippled and extremely violent, and I still hate part of myself. A criminal profile done on me during my incarceration showed that no amount of jail time could or would punish me any more than the amount of punishment I had laid on myself. Jail is not always the answer. We have to come up with new methods to both punish individuals and allow them an opportunity to make right what went wrong, even in some small way.

Lynn McIntosh,  
Leffordale, Alta.

Maclean's welcomes reader letters. But letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please specify name, address and daytime telephone number. Please include the date. Maclean's requires: TTY 363-5170; Toronto: 416-363-0777; FAX 416-363-7050; 800-387-6842; Internet: letters@maclean.ca; e-mail: letters@maclean.ca

Fotheringham's column against Preston Manning and capital punishment inadvertently contains the exact reason why we should have the death penalty. He quotes former prime minister Brian Mulroney saying that life should only be taken in self-defence. The self-defence of a society and innocent individuals is as worthy as one's own personal self-defence.

Stephen Gividge,  
Vancouver

My faith in Allan Fotheringham is renewed. Perhaps those calling for the return of the death penalty should ask David Milgaard. Donald Marshall or Guy Paul Morris what they think. In Preston Manning willing to accept the risk of murdering an innocent man to satisfy the public's thirst for revenge?

Shawn McInnis,  
Ottawa

The Reform party wants a bleeding referendum on capital punishment—it is neither promoting capital punishment nor condemning it. Those who like Fotheringham always discredit the will of the majority when this will goes contrary to their failed social engineering prescriptions.

John van der Veen,  
Port Stanley, Ont.

## Aboriginal rights

Diase Francis's July 16 column, "Time to get tough with the natives," is simply too misinformed to leave unrefuted. She suggests that the "empower" to non-aboriginal Canadians of honoring Canada's obligations to aboriginals is "harsh." Does she believe that it is somehow more equitable to dishonor the treaties and agreements in-

**BACARDI LIMÓN**  
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They call it Lee MOAN. A refreshing new citrus spirit for tonic, soda, juice, ice or whatever feels right.



# OPENING NOTES

## Planning to escape her past

During time. Thanks to countless prison movies, the phrase conjures up all sorts of images of what life must be like behind bars: hard labor, mind-numbing tedium, brutal guards and crazed cell mates. But Marylyn Tin, the Edmonton socialite who was the star of a sensational sex-trial in 1991, misconceives the hell she's living in her own little way in jail. The closest she came to hard labor was picking potatoes grown on the vegetable farm at the Fort Saskatchewan Correctional Centre, where she

**Tin: Tote 'of job offers outside Alberta'**



was serving three months for uttering threats. Tin, who was given a private cell, agrees her duties were not overly onerous. "I came from a very poor country, and I know what hard work is," she says. Tin, who grew up in the Philippines.

The photoshopped model could have been pressed into the sex scandal of a different inmate, but her lawyer, celebrity photographer Carl Bialist, now HIV-positive. Although there was talk of a jury trial on the 23-day long trial about drugs, she was cleared of trying to kill Bialist, with whom she had lived on and on in her life. She was, however, convicted of uttering threats against another inmate, a 19-year-old. After 10 days, Tin, 35, was released last week on a temporary release program. Her sentence is up on July 25. But Tin is vague about what she will do then. "I don't think I'll stay in Edmonton," she says. "I've had lots of job offers outside of Alberta."

## Cruising with the Simpson case

The O.J. trial industry—which threatens to overtake California's defense sector as a staple of the state's economy—has added a new product. On Sept. 8, O.J. trial addicts can board for cruise ship *My Holiday* in \$6400 two cruise ship, in Los Angeles for a weekend excursion to discuss the intricacies of the O.J. Simpson case with informed experts. Jane Doctore, owner of The Ultimate Event, an L.A.-based production company, says she has booked about 50 people so far for the three-day cruise to Baja, Mexico, at a cost per person of between \$500 and \$700. She adds that she is confident that all 120 berths will be filled by departure time. "People are really affected by the case and want to talk about every aspect of it, whether it's the helicopter coverage angle, the type of toilet coverage, the



**Simpson with defense counsel: experts**

media violence or our legal system," she says. "This cruise will give them the chance to meet face-to-face with legal experts and others who have personal experience in the trial." The speakers, all of whom have shown up as television commentators, will conduct panel discussions, hold question-and-answer sessions and stage a mock trial in which the lawyers present their arguments to juries of citizens. "It's not an investment but it's a great experience," says Doctore. "We're not using dancing rhythms or look-alike contests." Meanwhile, Doctore is also planning a Celebrity Trial Cruise for next April. The days will be for lectures, the speakers, but everyone who has achieved that own place in the sun—like Bepi, or the dog in *Pravda*. Whether the crime will include Kate, the barking Nola of O.J. country, of course, remains to be seen.



**Priefried with Hysmith moose: rare**

## PASSIONS

### Talking back to his feathered friends

Robert Erickland, the Vancouver stock promoter whose company, *Maxwell Field Services Inc.*, recently unveiled a publicized dollar chicken and copper deposit at Yagay Bay in Labrador, has a hobby pretty central to his skills. Erickland, who like all stock promoters is

persuasive, collects rare and endangered species of parrot. He keeps six birds and one full-time employee to take care of their needs and ensure that they feed enough to breed. Erickland says that he is almost as obsessed with the exotic birds as he is with business—adding that parrots are scarier than many people realize. "They never," he points out, "say 'goodbye,' when you leave the door." One long-term favorite, Oate, a double-yellow-headed Amazon, is particularly intelligent, he says. Noting that parrots usually open a conversation with a greeting by saying, "The you talk?" Erickland taught Oate to reply, "I can talk. Can you fly?" The entrepreneur also played along with some of the tricks of his trade to Oate. "Say how the bird says 'Hello high.' Now if Erickland could say each bird has how to find a telephone, Oate would be the first truly bird-brained stock promoter on Howe Street.



## Taking the bloom off scientific research

The federal government's plans to close its Agriculture Canada research centre here, Montreal, in April have become a thorn in the side of scientists. The high-tech Agriculture Canada facility is home to the 30-year-old Explorer program, devoted to the breeding and propagation of new varieties of moose. Handed such as the Henry Hudson and Alexander MacKenzie are so widely as the early adventures for whom they are named—capable of surviving winter temperatures as low as -36 degrees and then blooming profusely all summer long. Rose Anderson, who says that the industry is just starting to blossom and should be kept alive, especially in light of the strong international demand that has developed for the Canadian moose. But bureaucracy is taking its toll on the program, she says. The progress needs to be stopped.

Don Balder Sr., whose J. C. Balder and Sons Nurseries in St. Catharines, Ont., has been in business for more than 40 years, is among those who have written to the department to complain about the closing of *Assomption*. He produces timber for Canadian growers, saying that most Canadian timber is grown in the United States. He says that the program has the animals required for growing in the Canadian climate. Balder, who sold 200,000 rose bushes last year, says the \$1.2 million spent on the Explorer program is good value for the money.

Edited by BARBARA WICKERS

"These plants make money and bring joy to people's gardens," he adds. Denis Demers, director of horticulture research and development at Agriculture Canada, says that officials there are undecided that the Explorer program is being applied in the best "Canadian way" possible, but he says he has no "certain choices." Either way, moose will stay.

## Defending a killer's life on principle

### Finding a lawyer

Who will take on a double murder case in which the defendant has already admitted killing her own father can be a real challenge. That's what David Bruck, a staunch opponent of the death penalty who has taken on the case of Susan Smith, the 29-year-old Union, S.C., woman who drove her car into a lake with her two children, said today. Smith, the wife of a police officer, was charged with the deaths of her two boys, Michael, 3, and Alex, 4, in 1994. Smith, 26, has been kidnapped, but then revealed that she had killed her car into a lake with them inside.

The only issue at trial is whether Smith should spend her life in jail or be executed.

The latter is not an option that Bruck can take. He was not giving interviews last week, but a clear stance on the issue to the person with which he fights to save the lives of his clients. Columbia, S.C., lawyer Lee Cogolia says Bruck has always been in the forefront of low-income death-penalty cases. The source of his bias, however, is a mystery to many in a country where 38 of the 50 states have the death penalty. Some U.S. media pundits have even speculated that Bruck served his sentence as a result of growing up in Canada, where the death penalty was abolished in 1976. But Cogolia isn't sure. "I can't say that it is because he was raised in Canada," she says. "But I can say it is a part of his heart and soul."

## POP MOVIES

The power of cinema, ranked according to box office receipts during the seven days that ended on July 13. (In brackets, number of screens showing.)

1	April 18 (20/7)	2,214,470
2	Smiles (18/7)	1,944,000
3	Prehensile (18/7)	1,244,670
4	First Knight (17/7)	1,240,340
5	Batman Forever (14/7)	1,230,700
6	Anger (17/7)	1,071,160
7	Highly Strung: Pervers (17/7)	1,047,000
8	The Bridge of Madison (16/7)	1,044,000
9	Casper (17/7)	1,030,140
10	Grease (15/7)	1,010,340

# PASSAGES

**MINIMIZED** Actor Hugh Grant, 34, to pay a \$1,000 fine and serve two years' probation, including taking an AIDS education program, after pleading no contest to a charge of lewd conduct, in Los Angeles city court. Grant, who did not appear for the sentencing, later learned his sentence had been reduced to 18 months.



**Wailing** 29, to the pleasure of his own movie, *Mr. Nobody* last month, police arrested Grant after he was found allegedly receiving oral sex from a Hollywood prostitute in his car. The arrest began an emotional media event for the star of the popular British film *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, who subsequently described his relations with the prostitute as "delicious" and "intoxicating." *Send Grant*: "It was a bad thing."

**STY**: By middle-distance runner Neomedea Morrell, 25, a new world record for 1,500 m of 3:27.55 at a track meet in New York. The Nigerian, who holds four world records, bettered his own 1,500m record set in 1990—by nearly 15 seconds. Morrell also holds the best times for the mile (3:44.60), 2,000 m (5:49.64) and 3,000 m (9:25.51).

**DIED**: Former Manitoba lieutenant-governor Dr. George Johnson, 74, in his cottage in Grafton. A longtime provincial Conservative cabinet minister, Johnson was lieutenant-governor from 1990 to 1993. He is the father of Senator Justice Johnson.

**DIED**: Godfather Christopher, 75, who transferred his father's wooden toy shop into the Lego empire, in Copenhagen. The plastic Lego building blocks are now one of the world's top-selling toys.

**OVERSEEN**: Endorsement Paul Watson's collection and \$5,000 fine for illegally acting as a ship's captain in a 2003 high-seas fishing protest by Newfoundland Supreme Court Justice Rupert Burdett, in St. John's. Wild-Birdt ruled that the 45-year-old Watson was acting within his rights as the captain of a pleasure craft.

**SIGNED**: British pop star George Michael, 32, to new recording contracts, ending a bitter dispute with Sony that resulted in Michael not having released an album since 1996 in London. Michael had accused Sony of engaging in "predatory behavior" and was now suing the company for \$10 million. North American and three DMI records for the rest of the world.

## BEST SELLERS

### FICTION

1. *The Calverton Prophecy*, Jean Redford (2)
2. *Search for the Lost*, Pat Leary (2)
3. *The Bridges of Madison County*, Robert James Waller (1)
4. *The Piano Man's Daughter*, Dorothy Dunlop (1)
5. *The Restaurant*, John Grisham (2)
6. *Memphis*, Douglas Coupland (2)
7. *Reese Witherspoon*, Stephen King (2)
8. *The American*, Michael Chabon (2)
9. *Independence Day*, Richard Ford (2)
10. *Go*, Charles DeLacy (2)

C.J. Green, Editor

### NONFICTION

1. *Women, Power, and the City* (2)
2. *When the Grass Grows*, John McManis (2)
3. *When the Grass Grows*, John McManis (2)
4. *When the Grass Grows*, John McManis (2)
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Compiled by Robin Bialist

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<http://www.cashback.com>

Green Living

<http://www.greenliving.com>

Internet Cool Sites of the Day

<http://www.hot.net/cool.html>

Net Server Digest

<http://www.netserver.com/insider.html>

Public Works and Government

<http://www.pwgsc.gc.ca>

Public Works

<http://www.pwgsc.gc.ca>

Royal Bank of Canada

<http://www.royalbank.com/gia/uk.htm>

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TD Home Page

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## ANOTHER VIEW



# Anything goes now in Ontario—or does it?

BY CHARLES GORDON

This was a typical gathering of middle-aged men, meeting once a year on an island in eastern Ontario's Rideau Lakes to play poker and look out the window to see if the sun is out yet. Every year there is an informal dinner to it. Usually the dinner is bad jokes, and it was this year too, in an instant.

"I said it was a joke," one atmospheric storyteller explained. "I didn't say it was going to be long." The fellow's country of origin (approximately Scandinavian) was, at some length, evoked for this failure to be hilarious, until someone suggested that it was not proper, at this day and age, to make remarks about a person's country of origin. But then someone else suggested that it was actually proper now, because this was Mike Harris's Ontario.

That was the man there, Mike Harris's Ontario, and how anything goes to it. The man could close up the shop on Wednesday afternoon to play golf. There would be no more police selling and buying government property, telling you when you could hire and what you could think. It would be the fifth again. "In Mike Harris's Ontario, women can wear bikinis again," one man, not a Scandinavian, said. And, of course, cars could say things like that without any fear of being labelled politically incorrect, now as an outcasted concept.

Or so they thought. No one quite knows for certain what Mike Harris's Ontario means, but most people think they know what it means, and some of them hope it means what they think.

There are the people who have seen Ralph Klein's Alberta and admired it. They think enterprise and self-reliance are back. Those at the opposing view think what is back is an era of small-mindedness and intolerance.

It is hard to know because Mike Harris's Ontario—1995, as the poker players began to call it—is a bit of a mirror Harris has self help have difficulty recognizing what

*No one quite knows what Mike Harris's Ontario means, but most people think they know what it means, and some hope it means what they think*

others see when they peer into it. Did he really mean what things would be said in his name?

To get to this island of chivalry and small talk—too far, actually, from his life's cottage—it was necessary to drive through Ontario's last day of photo radar. At midnight on that very day, photo radar would end—a Harris campaign promise quickly fulfilled. Killing photo radar was an act that made sense to some people, but it was a bit of a joke, in fact, because on Day Two of the post-photo radar age, moved so much more quickly than this traffic had coming out. The significance was symbolic: photo radar was the kind of extensive meddling and social engineering that there was far too much of these days, making it would resume a little when a time when, when... what?

It is not exactly clear what sort of a time it was, but it was clearly a better one—not a time when a man could drive as fast as he wanted, necessarily, but a time when governments wouldn't use machines to reduce on innocent people. The reaction against something like photo radar is a gut reaction. A gut reaction has political strength. It is stronger than logic.

The newspapers in this polemic world in Mike Harris's Ontario were carefully perused while the philosophers waited for the man to start, the next job not to be laughed at and the next chance of red meat to be produced. There was much MHO news in the newspapers. The premier had ordered a high-profile advisory board that included the Nobel Prize-winning scientist John Polanyi. Was that philistine anti-intellectualism or hardheaded fiscal realism?

News that would have as 1990 relevance was contained in the hundreds of column inches devoted to the Paul Benoit trial. Out of that would come pressure to be tougher with criminals, and here was the new solicitor-general saying that under the MHO government, special interest groups were seen to have ready access to the premier; now, he wanted the police to know that they had a friend in government. Bob Runciman had also, the same newspaper story pointed out, said he believed police officers should be able to use ballpoint pens.

Some Ontarians will be frightened by that, others will say it is a good time. These are the solutions of Mike Harris's Ontario and they are obvious indeed: people somehow living that they must choose sides between security groups and the police.

Nevertheless, it is worth remembering that there is a lot going on between the police. Another newspaper story reported a poll showing that Mike Harris's popularity was growing. It also showed that the most important issue to 44 per cent of Ontarians, the largest group, was unemployment, not photo radar or welfare or even the deficit.

The media is aware and represented at this cottage and is taking the time to represent people. So Mike Harris's Ontario is now an aware police rule and political correctness is abolished. The former Ontario, Bob Rae's, is portrayed as populated entirely by poets often putting quads on everything. But are misrepresentations, no matter how badly in reality.

The world does not consist solely of the politically correct, as the one hand, and the white-bellied, on the other. One after another ideologically based political group, of both left and right, has run aground on this fact. The majority of us are somewhere in the middle, trying to piece it all out, and modify their policies accordingly. Harris may or may not. Early reports indicate that he, unlike many modern political leaders, actually believes this stuff.

The advantages of having someone like that in power, as opposed to those who take their hard lines from the polls and discard them when the polls change, is that he will at least give the people a look at the straight goods, not watered down. The people will be able to see, perhaps even and for all, whether this world is not, as it is, but what it has been from one island of Mike Harris's Ontario. As smart people, it may be a joke, but no one said it would be funny.

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# NORTHERN DEFIENCE

## Tempers flare in the Pacific salmon war

Just down the hill from the plain yellow brick office building that houses Alaska's legislature, a little blue sculpture celebrates two of the state's proudest symbols. Its beanie for thickly gloved angling, an Alaskan brown bear down back its legs from ferocious fangs and displays one heavy paw possessively across its chest is a Pacific salmon. The statue, set at a small park just off Juneau's Main Street, could easily stand for the attitude of most Alaskans when they discuss their stake in the growing dispute between Canada and the United States over West Coast fish. "That was one of the reasons that Alaska fought for statehood," observes Chuck Merdman, a biologist and former fisheries man who until January was the state's top negotiator in salmon talks. "To take over the fishery."

But it was Canada, not Alaska, that was seeing with typical glee as the war of words over Pacific salmon entered its second week. On July 8, an estimated 300 Canadian fishing boats entered around an Alaskan ferry, part of the state-operated Marine Highway System, to prevent it from docking in Prince Rupert on British Columbia's north coast. Far from condemning the fishers' clear violation of Canadian as well as international marine law, Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin, who has led Canada's charge on the issue, openly applauded their tactic. "I'd had had the day off and I was in the vicinity," the tough-talking Tobin declared. "I may have been on the back of one of the boats." Not backing down from his demand that Alaska shut its harvest of Canadian-owned chum salmon by 40 per cent to give him the endangered stock, Tobin instead expanded his attack. "This is not a conflict that arises at the drop of a hat," he told reporters in Vancouver late in the week. "This is a conflict that arises out of the failure since 1982 of the United States to live up to its obligations under the Pacific Salmon Treaty."

The bellicose imagery seemed destined to continue this week. Taking advantage of plans that spokeswoman for the Canadian navy wanted were drawn up in long days in April, Canada's ambassador to the United States, Raymond Charlier, was to return into Juneau, a bustling town of 25,000, on July 17 aboard the destroyer HMCS Annapolis to discuss the dispute with Alaska Gov. Tony Knowles. Charlier was expected to press Canada's case that, in addition to bypassing the chum, Alaska takes far more Canadian-owned salmon of all species each year than it is entitled



ON ASSIGNMENT  
CHRIS WOOD  
IN ALASKA

to under the 10-year old salmon treaty.

But with tempers rising among fishers from both nations, at least one observer predicted that Charlier's low-key diplomatic mode of transport would serve to heighten tensions rather than resolve them. "There is a security out on the water," noted Bob Thicca, a Juneau-based correspondent for the *Alaska Fisherman's Journal*. Added Thicca: "I can't imagine Charlier not getting some kind of a welcome on the docks."

Amusing Canada's ambassador makes it just say doable: welcoming Canadian fishers, his chances of securing Knowles's agreement to concessions seemed slim. Even before Charlier's arrival, Knowles insisted in a letter to the ambassador—which his office released to the news media—that Alaska's chum catch "will have no significant impact on any of Canada's conservation problems." Indeed, Knowles blamed Canada, and Tobin himself, for the over-fishing that he declared that Alaska had already reduced its take of Canadian chum as much as was necessary—and is ready and was willing to sell, at week's end Knowles proposed to resume treaty talks with Canada, with the assistance of a mediator, to end the dispute.

The Alaska governor plainly has the support of the state's fishers, if he chooses to continue his hard line against Canada. Among the few Juneau-based boats not out catching salmon last week was



Merdman, a biologist, guarded coastline



Baker on the dock in Juneau: of Alaska how to Canada's demands for quota cuts, they ought as well that the troll fishery dance?



Alaska, a weathered green gill-netter, Vernon Baker. Charles Baker noted from requiring a damaged transmission long enough to prompt agreement with Knowles's stand. "Since they signed the treaty, Canadian fishers cut [in quota] etc.," Baker countered. "And we've taken a cut every two years. It's not they took a cut for once." Several weeks later, Baker's informant moved was asked in the office of the Alaska Fishermen's Association, which represents 2,000 troll fishery permit holders who rely heavily on Canadian chum. Dismissing Tobin's claim that Alaska fishermen annually take Canadian-owned salmon worth \$65 million more than they are entitled to, Dale Kelley, the organization's executive director, told Maclean's: "We don't believe there is the imbalance that the Canadians talk about."

And indeed, despite Tobin's repeated assertion in recent weeks that "fish come first" in Canada's long-management strategy, the country's record is plainly far from exemplary. In an earlier round of its long-running dispute with the United States over the application of the 1982 salmon treaty, Tobin last year subjected a putative "aggressive fishing strategy," in which Canadian boats swept up sockeye from the Fraser River rather than let them fall into the nets of American fishers from Washington and Oregon. Canadian officials later acknowledged that had the voracious fishing effort continued for even a few more hours, the 1984 run of the valuable species would have been all but wiped out. Similarly, University of British Columbia fisheries biologist Carl Walters condemned as inadequate Tobin's July 4 promise to reduce Canada's chum catch in 1997 from 616,000 to 250,000. "The collapse," Walters said, "has been caused by massive overfishing in the last 20 years." Asserting that "troll measures don't work," Walters called instead for a total ban on catching chum.

Still, the text of the 1985 treaty and other documents agreed to by American legislators broadly confirm Canada's position. Article IV of the treaty, for instance, compels both Canada and the United States to manage their fisheries as to "provide for each Party to recover benefits equivalent to the production of salmon originating in its waters."

It is given that a run is happening. In the most recent report of a joint Canada-U.S. committee charged with determining how many of each of their fish each country catches, the estimates provided by each side vary. But even figures compiled by American officials for the three most valuable species—sockeye, chinook and coho—acknowledge that in 1995, the most recent year for which figures have been published, the United States intercepted 1.5 million more Canadian fish than Canada caught of U.S. salmon. For the most valuable catch, sockeye, the discrepancy since the United States doubled between 1980 and 1991. Moreover, the chum Technical Committee, on which U.S. representatives (including seven Alaskans) outnumbered Canadians by 22 to 10, first recommended drastic cuts in the harvest of chum salmon more than seven months ago. That committee, in a report dated Dec. 8, 1994, recommended "substantial reductions in total fishing, beginning in 1995."

Calling a cut in the harvest of 50 per cent sufficient to "retard" caper stocks, the committee warned that "further delays would increase the potential for even more severe disruptions of future fisheries." In the broader scheme of Alaska's fishery, accepting Canada's—and the committee's—recommendation would make little difference. The largest state in the union is also the world's largest salmon producer in its fleets operate from the waters up to the Alaskan Islands to the waters of Dixon Entrance at the south end of the Alaska Peninsula, looking or catching a staggering 395 million salmon last year. The 100,000-fish reduction that Canada is seeking in Alaska's chum catch represents barely .05 per cent of that number. On the other hand, the toll, valuable chum is a minority of the Peninsula's toll. "With a 40-per-cent cut," said Baker, "they might as well shut the troll fishery down."

That would clearly not trouble Tobin. The fisheries minister threatened last week to call for a worldwide boycott of Alaskan seafood—modeled on one that environmentalists have used



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slowly to put pressure on logging companies to cease clear cutting—the order to put pressure on Alaska fishery officials. "I will be seeking support wherever I can find it, in the United States and around the world," he declared in Vancouver, months before stepping aboard a Canadian Coast Guard helicopter that carried him to Chignik for a meeting with Washington Governor Mike Lowry. Tobin promised to press his Alaska campaign "until all of the players are bearing their fair share of the burden of conservation."

In Juneau, there were some early indications that Tobin's plea for support from environmentally minded consumers was striking a responsive chord. In an incident recounted by Art Sheenman, executive director of the Alaska Seafood Marketing Institute, an organization funded by the state's fishing industry to promote its products worldwide, a waiter in Boston took a field officer employed by the company to task for Alaska's allegedly predatory fishing practices. Sheenman added that his organization had fielded several telephone calls from people in the lower 48 states concerned about the changes. "I suspect we're going to put more," Sheenman added, insurance that Tobin's statements "will send the impression that salmon stocks are endangered." For true it, Sheenman insisted. "The world is awash in salmon."

Still, to the extent that Alaskans, who treasure their identity as independent-minded outsiders, choose to hold out, both provincially and the United States Constitution are on their side. The politics cynically followed by ignoring Canadian salmon bring the fish to Alaska's doorstep before they return to the rivers in British Columbia in which they were born. That quota of native Alaskans Alaska's fishers the first crack at landing the valuable creatures. By contrast, no Alaska-based salmon stocks travel first within reach of B.C. nets or hooks, depriving Canadian fishers of any opportunity to respond to the Alaskan regulatory practices by catching some Alaskan-spawned fish. And while Tobin might face, as he did during a news conference on July 4, that Alaska had defied the U.S. federal government in rejecting a fish management deal with Canada, the decision was clearly the province's, not the rights under American law. Indeed, Juneau's jurisdiction over any fishing activity within three miles of Alaska's coastline is one of the state's most jealously guarded prerogatives. Observed Maclean: "We will be forever unwilling to give up authority over these waters to the U.S. federal government."

Whether inclusive Canadian Alaskans would change many minds was one thing that fishery journalist Thane questioned. "When," he wondered, "was the last time you heard of Alaskans being reasonable because people threatened them?" It was a thought that Canada's ambassador might well consider this week as he pines by the bronze relief of an Alaskan Alaskan bear and the display of



Fisheries officers set out nets: rials

attended to protect the rights of salmon to fish whether the majority of band members wanted them there or not. "They were telling us they knew what was right for us even if we did not," fumed Lloyd Gossard, a native fisheries officer who joined in the search.

The warring native factions reached a truce during a meeting last week involving the warriors, Augustin and officials from the Union of New Brunswick Indians. They agreed among themselves to demand that the fisheries department make its barrier net and drop the obstruction and search changes against band members. In return the warriors offered to take down their barricades and the protesting band members promised to abandon all of their gill nets except for a small one used to catch eel for food.

Although the fisheries department was still studying the offer at week's end, the warriors were already trumpeting it as a victory for fishing and future generations. "The warriors here are the children and the fish," declared protester Diane Ward. She added that success will make her own management plans on the river and there will be co-operation. But fisheries officials had many questions about the pact. For example, said Bob Alton, the department's area manager for eastern New Brunswick, "we need to know what happens to the fish once the barrier net is raised."

As the events unfolded along the Miramichi last week, many Canadian natives were also underlining the lessons of a far more violent dispute. Five years ago, Quebec's Malinche created a barricade outside the town of Lévis to protest expansion of a well-known pulp mill area that once served as a native cemetery. When provincial police successfully raided the blockade on July 13, 1990, one officer was shot to death, igniting a 78-day standoff which resulted in 100 soldiers and 400 soldiers finally breaching the usual band of protesting Malinche warriors. The native land claim at the centre of the dispute remains unresolved.

After weeks of blockades, have emerged in a potent active weapons. In British Columbia, activists have thrown up barricades at ranches, ski resorts, logging areas and other private property to gain publicity and government attention over everything from land-use pressures to logging rights.

As the showdowns in Sanyo County unfold, the spirit of Oka lives at the other end of the country, too. And a victory on the Miramichi—news through the dispute primarily gain publicity against the blockade—could prompt many warriors to return to the barricades.

JOHN DEMONT in Sanyo County

## River showdown

Dispute among natives drives fight over salmon

The timing of the showdown was no accident. Five years ago, Canadian soldiers and Malinche warriors stood eye-to-eye in the pine forest near the Kamekoma Indian reserve near Oka, Que. In a standoff that descended into a national crisis. Last week, self-proclaimed native warriors again contested belated barricades—this time near the fly settlement of Sanyo County, N.B., along the salmon-rich Miramichi River, where the rhetoric of confrontation centered on land-use issues. "It's a war," Francis Simeon, 40, a guerrilla and leading militant from the Miramichi Indian reserve at Big Cove, N.B., told Maclean's. "That means you have to be ready to die." Last week, at least, his constant went untested. A tentative pact in the fishery dispute reportedly defused the tensions. But the hours' odds remained, possibly ample evidence of the ease with which active groups across the country are capable of applying pressure on the rest of Canadian society.

In truth, the New Brunswick dispute is more about internal tribal politics than about fishing rights. At the heart of the standoff had stood between Roger Augustin, for 35 years chief of the Eel Gosard Malinche band, and a small group of band members who have long been unhappy with his leadership. In March, the dissidents occupied the band council's offices in protest against Augustin's leadership, and last month they took over 10 miles of fishing rights along the river.

The dispute opened in a new phase when

they decided to ignore a conservation deal that Augustin signed last year with Ottawa. The pact prohibited anyone from using gill nets—which kill everything they catch—along a stretch of the Miramichi about 20 km from the reserve. In return, the natives received \$450,000 in federal job-creation funds. But the protesters argued that treaty law gives natives the right to fish wherever and whenever they want. They dropped gill nets over the disputed area—known locally as Big Hole Tract. Then, federal fisheries agents and RCMP officers staged a military raid, arresting 18 band members for assault and obstruction.

At the invitation of the protesters, between 50 and 100 self-proclaimed warriors from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Maine came to Sanyo County in early July to help them erect a blockade on the road into Big Hole Tract. Fisheries officers responded to the protesters' gill nets by erecting their own barrier net which prevented salmon from swimming upstream to the native gill nets. The tension peaked on July 7, when 200 members of the Eel Gosard band angrily marched to the road blockade and asked the protesters to leave. The group claiming the blockade relaxed—saying that they



Warrior with 'Dap' has to be ready to die



Warrior with 'Dap' has to be ready to die

up barricades at ranches, ski resorts, logging areas and other private property to gain publicity and government attention over everything from land-use pressures to logging rights.

JOHN DEMONT in Sanyo County

# Parizeau in hot water

## Did he compare voters to trapped lobsters?

In the midst of the traditionally slow news summer sly season, a provoked or hungry editorial cartoonist with the kind of food for thought that authors think sink to their knees in gratitude and of for themselves a Higher Power. The key ingredients for their Sealed Delight: take one blast and unapologetic Quebecer, press one with 25 million francs dolars, squeeze one with a controversial comparison of Quebecers with lobsters, sprinkle any words between the provincial and federal governments, and prepare for the inevitable editorial ranting and raving. Did Jacques Parizeau only say in a meeting with Ottawa-based foreign ambassadors that Quebecers, in the event of a Yes vote in a sovereignty referendum, would be trapped like "lobsters frozen into boiling water"? Only those present at the meeting will ever know for sure—and almost all of them, for different reasons, returned last week behind a wall of silence or issued rather ambiguous denials.

But that made no difference to gleeful Quebec cartoonists, who—especially at the middle of the province's official Lobster Month—knew a good catch when they saw one. In *La Presse*, the newspaper which broke the story, cartoonist Gervais depicted a nude Parizeau, pasted recently over a tub of water, shouting "Honey! It's boiling!" The artist, André de La Gueule, in a play on the famous poster promoting the movie *Jean*, showed a giant lobster boiling beneath the water, waiting to trap the swimming Parizeau. Birth of Quebec City's *Le Soleil* showed Parizeau being grabbed by two lobster claws, and in *Magazine de la Presse*, a frustrated Parizeau—who was on vacation in the south of France—was shown hanging his head in frustration on a restaurant table as a baffled waiter delivered a lobster.

By the end of last week, it seemed there were Quebecers—or, rather, Canadians, or that country—who were not aware of the newest Ottawa/Quebec political controversy, a veritable tempest in a lobster pot. The reaction, predictably, ranged from angry denials on the sovereignty side to carefully supervised giggles among federalists. Quebec's ever combative deputy prime minister, Bernard Landry, who was not present at the meeting, denied that Parizeau had ever made such a comment, accused the federal government of deliberately linking the document to order to draw foreign diplomats into unhelpful parties, and demanded a formal apology. A Foreign Affairs official said the document's author had linked the remark, and said the department would investigate the link, which is "logically regrettable." Parizeau himself, along

with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, acted for silence. So, for the most part, did the shocked diplomats, who found themselves unwittingly and unhelpfully trapped in a corner stage of the latest episode of Canada's impetuous constitutional soap opera. "The meeting was of a strictly private nature," said Jacques's ambassador, Jose Luis Pardo, in an statement on behalf of the group. For that reason, he continued, he would not comment on the article in *La Presse*.

What actually happened during the week

**JACQUES PARIZEAU ON VACATION (in hot water)...**



Parizeau's dilemma as seen by Tony Mosher (*Author of The Gazette's Joking*)

ing in question, held in Ottawa on June 23. These are the only details not in dispute: the Quebec premier spent most of his time after lunch with the diplomats explaining his government's intentions in the planned referendum on sovereignty. On the following day, in a restaurant, a representative of the group, Dutch ambassador Jan Fleckers, met with an official from the foreign affairs department to give his representative of the meeting.

Five days later the official, Michel Desautels, wrote a report, intended only for internal distribution, summarizing the ambassador's description of the meeting. In it, Desautels wrote "Mr. Parizeau noted that what counted above all was to have a majority Yes from Quebec-

ers. After that, they would be like lobsters (frozen in boiling water)." Desautels also noted that Fleckers referred to Parizeau as an "able and cynical politician." A copy of the report was obtained by the Ottawa bureau chief of *La Presse*, Chantal Hibert. She cantered it in context in an older-record interview with two participants in the meeting and in an on-the-record interview with a third, Belgian Ambassador Christian Pelles.

Hibert's article had the rare quality of providing potential for equivocal embarrassment for all involved. On the federalist side, the concern was that foreign representatives could be more cautious about meeting with federal officials if they feel they are being manipulated or compromised before the referendum. Within the foreign affairs department, there were expressions of concern that confidentiality had been breached in such a manner. "At a touch of security, we side it

made such a comment, Landry, who was in Mexico at the time, called Fleckers to advise him that the newspaper was planning to run an article based on the memo. Fleckers then called Hibert to say that Parizeau's comment, as noted in the report, was "the least of that memory, but what was said." Initially, the statement issued by Spain's ambassador, Pardo, said Parizeau "did not make the remarks attributed to him."

But those carefully worded denials could refer only to the boiling water, not the crustacean in question. Traditionally, diplomats have a sense of being ridiculous when involved in a way with controversy in the countries where they are posted. On the Quebec sovereignty issue in particular, one European ambassador commented recently that "we learn very early in our posting to change the subject as soon as the issue comes up. Otherwise, it can explode on you." Other diplomats who were not present at the meeting may they were told by participants that Parizeau, speaking in English, used a different analogy in talking lobsters. He said that in the event of a Yes vote, the result would be like a "lobster pot." That refers to the traditional wooden traps that have a opening gate allowing a lobster to get in, but not out—and could be a metaphorical way of illustrating the finality of a majority Yes vote by Quebecers.

In Quebec, the event was enough to briefly refocus attention on the referendum issue at a time when most residents, including the province's political leaders, are doing their best to avoid it. While Parizeau was in France, Bloc Quebecois leader Jacques Duchesneau was in California visiting his in-laws, and Liberal leader Daniel Johnson was at a cottage just outside Montreal. With several recent polls showing that the Yes side holds a narrow lead in public opinion, Parti Québécois strategists say they will intensify referendum planning activities in August. The vote itself will likely be held on Nov. 6.

How much the controversy will hurt the Yes side is uncertain, but it clearly will not help. Reaction last week on Quebec radio opinion shows was overwhelmingly negative, with some callers suggesting that Parizeau must have been drunk when he made his remarks. Others saw no evidence to suggest that. They accused the premier of misleading Quebecers by making the comparison.

In any event, it was far from Parizeau's first brush with pre-referendum controversy. In the 1980 campaign, when he was finance minister, Parizeau was routinely criticized for a flippancy in which he said that sovereignty would cost voters a lot of money, but not more than a case of beer a year. First leader, now lobster, both are reminders that the full-fledged Parizeau is renowned for his epigrammatic ways. But at the time pre-referendum atmosphere, that also seems to be a useful recipe for derision.

ANDREW WILSON-SMITH and  
J. ALEX PILLON for *Globe*

# A suburban tragedy

Knowing Dhimian came to Canada from his native India in 1987, hoping to make a new life for himself. After settling in Calgary, he worked full-time as a machanic and part-time as a janitor, trying to raise enough money to purchase his own machine shop. In the early morning hours of July 8, after working in evening shift, Dhimian was driving to a video store in northeast Calgary when, according to city police, three teenage girls flagged him down, apparently

for a sexual encounter. The girls allegedly tried to steal Dhimian's car and, when the 36-year-old driver wouldn't resist, stabbed him repeatedly. After they fled, Dhimian drove a short distance before arriving into a ditch. He staggered out of the car and fell into a manured suburban lawn, where he bled to death from multiple stab wounds. Last week, police charged two 14-year-old Calgary girls with manslaughter and robbery in connection with Dhimian's death. A third girl, who is 14, faces robbery charges.

The killing sparked anger and outrage throughout the community. Calgary Mayor Al Dyer called it "an absolutely senseless crime committed upon an innocent and well-respected citizen." Newspaper columnists and editorialists agonized over whether a new wave of mindless violence had descended on the city, while a local radio station asked its listeners whether they would still be willing to live in suburban Calgary. Eighty per cent of those who phoned in said they would. That the alleged culprits were so young resonated far past of the outcry that even more heartbreaking to many was their gender. "You just don't expect this kind of performance from young girls," said Sgt. Jim Matthews of the Calgary police force's criminal investigation division.

Matthews called the killing an "unusually" and, at the case of homicides, that is certainly true. According to the Canadian Centre for Justice Statistics in Ottawa, 32 of the 35 Canadian provinces recorded at least one 14-year-old victim in a sexual assault in the same time, however, the numbers of

Canadian aged 13 to 17 who were charged with violent crimes rose from \$275 to 1408 to 21,671 in 1989—an increase of 131 per cent. The growth in the number of charges against females after caught and in a less close—such as common assault—exceeded the increase in charges against males.

Dhimian's brutal death provoked renewed criticism of the 10-year-old Young Offenders Act, which has been widely denounced for something more lenient sentences for younger criminals. Beliefs MP Art Hanger, who represents Calgary Northwest, the riding where Dhimian lived, noted that for two 14-year-olds charged with manslaughter for a murder in the year under the Young Offenders Act. By contrast, they could face life imprisonment if they were tried as adults. Hanger, who served for 22 years in a Calgary police officer before being elected in 1985, said that Dhimian's death shows that many young people, both male and female, no longer live the law. "It's a tragedy," he added, "and it speaks poorly of our society to let these happen."

At work's end, Crown prosecutors were still considering whether they would apply to have the charges against the three teenagers transferred to adult court. While it is a possibility, however, the accused are so young, many

Calgarians plainly believe that is the only way that justice can be served. "A young girl has lost his life," said Dhimian's wife, who sent a local day-evening outlet and wrote an open letter to the Calgary Herald's editorial board. "The people who committed this crime should be treated as adults so that they get the punishment they deserve."

Dhimian's family, meanwhile, struggled to come to grips with the tragedy. "It is hard to accept," said his brother, Bhupinder, 46, who also works as a Calgary machanic. "He was a quiet guy, worked every day. I think he was no longer over his high life, even took home in the Punjab." Echoing the sentiments of many Calgarians last week, Bhupinder Dhimian said: "Nobody believes young girls could do such a thing."

BRYAN BERNARD with JAMES BERNARD  
in Calgary



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# Canada NOTES

## A controversial sentencing

Justice Benjamin Giesbrecht of Quebec Superior Court ruled that three Montreal police constables—Pierre Bergeron, Louis Samson and André Lapointe—who were convicted last month in the brutal beating of a Montreal taxi cab driver can serve their sentences, the longest of which is 90 days, on weekends. A fourth constable, Michel Vachon-Casas, was given a suspended sentence and ordered to do 180 hours of community service. The four officers had been found guilty of assault causing bodily harm to 39-year-old Richard Bernalde, who suffered a heart attack, a broken nose, torn sinus cartilage, broken ribs, broken and bled teeth and deep abrasions on his face, elbows and knees after being arrested in suburban Laval in December, 1993. Police arrested him following a high-speed chase that started after Bernalde broke a church window. Nineteen months later, Bernalde remains in a coma.



Vachon-Casas (center) community service.

Giesbrecht cited several factors in his sentencing, including the fact that the officers had acknowledged careers until the incident. "They're already

Ray Bonshaw and former NDP MIA Serge Kajava, who acted for the Crown when Milgaard unsuccessfully appealed his conviction. Brent Carter, Saskatchewan's deputy minister of justice, said his department received the full report after nearly a year's delay to allow any concerns that might arise about the way Milgaard's case was handled. Milgaard's mother, Joyce, rejected the report as a whitewash and called again for a public inquiry into her son's case.

## Record abortions

Statistics Canada reported that a record 104,900 abortions were performed on Canadian women in 1993 and that about 20,000 of them—in five-would-be pregnant teenagers. The number set the rate of abortions rose in all provinces from 1992 to 1993, but not as quickly as in past years. Meanwhile, security at four Toronto abortion clinics was tightened after staff at a downtown clinic received a handwritten letter saying that they would "meet with an unfortunate accident" if they did not stop performing abortions.

## KLEIN URGES HIV TESTING

Alberta Premier Ralph Klein urged Ottawa to test prospective immigrants to Canada for the virus that causes AIDS. "We should know if someone coming into this country is HIV-positive," said Klein. "It's a very dangerous disease and could contribute even further to the cost of caring for that disease." An Alberta government report on immigration policy said the province will press Ottawa to test away would-be immigrants who test positive for HIV.

## UBC REPORT 'FLAWED'

The dean of arts at the University of British Columbia condemned as deeply flawed a controversial report which concluded that racism and sexism are rife in the university's political science department. The report by lawyer Joan McEwen had found systemic sexual harassment and discrimination by as many as 16 of 25 professors. But in a letter to UBC Reports, a university publication, arts dean Patricia Marchak said that McEwen's \$248,000 report lacked strong evidence for its conclusions and made "a persistent assumption of guilt by virtue of association."

## TOWN IN SHOCK

A 14-year-old boy was charged with murdering a seven-year-old in the northern Saskatchewan town of La Ronge. Johnathan Thompson's neck was slashed with a knife and his skull fractured by a blow to the head. The charge of first-degree murder against the youth, who cannot be identified under provisions of the Young Offenders Act, shocked the mainly Native community of 2,600 people.

## NO BOOK BANNING

The school board in Surrey, B.C., decided not to ban a children's book that a former school trustee had accused of promoting witchcraft. Outraged trustee Heather Shilwell charged that the book, *No Place for Mr. Wee*, was designed to seduce children into witch, a form of witchcraft.

## NORTHERN LESSON

Three members of the European Parliament were given a lesson in traditional northern trapping methods. Parliamentarians from the Netherlands, Italy and Britain visited trappers' cabins and traditional traps near Great Slave Lake, and told their European hosts no business interfering with the rights of Canadian natives to trap animals for their fur. The European Union intends to ban furs from any country whose trappers use leg-hold traps.



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# THE OUTRAGE OF BOSNIA

## Serb conquests challenge the fragile credibility of the United Nations

**T**he scene was sadly familiar, another outrage in the war that continues to ravage Bosnia. It occurred under a hot midday sun in Potocari last week, not long after a force of 150 Bosnian Serbs rifled into the buslet at the northern end of the Srebrenica valley. This episode of milking refugees, described by one UN official as being "harsh, dirty and in very, very poor taste," cried out as despair as the exasperated Serb troops restrained their grim task. While blue-crested Dutch peacekeepers watched helplessly, the Serbs separated the young men from the other refugees, then herded the children and elderly aboard a fleet of 40 trucks and buses. "It was quite horrifying," said Franco's Stephen O'Brien of the medical charity Médecins Sans Frontières. "There was screaming and crying and panic. They didn't know where they were being taken."

More than 3,000 refugees were rounded up and shipped out of the Srebrenica valley the day after the UN-protected enclave in eastern Bosnia fell into the hands of invading Serb forces. Thousands more followed as the Serbs, with characteristic ruthless efficiency, embarked on yet another marriage of ethnic cleansing. Within days, most of the 40,000 predominantly Muslim refugees in the United Nations' "safe haven" at Srebrenica were on the march, blaming what a Geneva-based official at the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees termed a 60-km-long "trail of tears" across northeastern Bosnia. And by week's end, the stage was set for an even more eagerly anticipated Serb troop advance on Zvornik, one of the two remaining UN enclaves in eastern Bosnia, where 78 Ukrainian peacekeepers were protecting up to 30,000 civilians and refugees. Geneva, the other internationally vulnerable refuge is now home for another 60,000 people. Declared UNHCR spokeswoman Nenska Glesnia: "We are facing a humanitarian disaster at the first order."

This week of dawn, gird-stricken refugees streamed into the relative safety of UN-protected Tuzla in northern Bosnia late last week when they overcame their initial wariness. Food and water were in short supply and the least exacerbated chose piglet. "It's a huge mess," said Lars Mørkholm, a Danish observer. "No one has food for their people or clothing or medicine. All we can do is just dump them on a field and more or less leave them there."

The refugees carried few belongings, but were helped by humanitarian tales of the emerging disaster in Srebrenica. They reported widespread rape and murder, with bodies left hanging from the trees and littering the streets. "The first night the Serbs were in the town, we heard screaming in the streets until morning," said Helen Nalac, a 67-year-old grandmother. "They took women away and did bad things to them and killed the men the way you slaughter cattle." Two later, after the women and the children and the old were loaded onto buses for the outward trek, the terror continued. "When the buses disappeared, the soldiers started taking people off the buses," said Zala Hasenovic. "We know they suspect the girls because some of them came back and told us, but most of them did not return."



**■** Muslim refugees flee Srebrenica in a "trail of tears." While UN peacekeepers watched, the Serbs separated young men from other refugees, then herded the women, children and elderly aboard a fleet of 40 trucks and buses.

Despite their appalling plight, however, the refugees are not the only casualties of the latest Bosnian crisis. For the Serbs, by their actions of Srebrenica, may well have dealt a crippling, perhaps fatal, blow to the United Nations' entire peacekeeping mission in the country. The enclave's fall has clearly placed in dire jeopardy the policy of safe havens that has been central to the UN mandate in the

21, took pains last week to stress their determination to maintain the UN presence in Bosnia, at least for the time being. In Ottawa, Defense Minister David Collette indicated that, while Canada continues to harbor doubts about the ability of the United Nations to carry out its mandate in Bosnia, there were no alternative plans to withdraw the Canadian troops who are in the country (page 34). In Brussels, Canada's ambassador to NATO, John Anderton, emerged from a meeting with fellow envoys to claim that a Western withdrawal at the "last thing" NATO allies want, despite growing frustration about the Bosnian mission. And UN Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali, on a visit to Africa last week, claimed that he would continue to "do whatever steps are in due time to maintain the presence of UN troops in the former Yugoslavia, in spite of the pressures that we receive to encourage the parties to the troops."

At the same time, however, there were loud hints from all the Western governments involved that withdrawal from Bosnia is an option that is growing more and more likely. "Our troops are at great risk to be there forever," Collette remarked as he announced the intention to withdraw 17 peacekeepers, who have been besieged by Bosnian government forces at remote observation posts, to the relative safety of the main Canadian base at Visoko, 25 km northwest of Srebrenica. In London, British Prime Minister John Major told the House of Commons, "While the warning officers are prepared not to indicate that they are prepared to return to some form of discussion to reach a political settlement, there is no doubt that continuing fighting would put the continuing presence of the United Nations at risk."

Major then arranged for this week's meeting of NATO powers, including Canada, and other involved parties, such as Russia, to discuss possible next steps in light of the UN localization in Bosnia. But outside of France, which urged for immediate retaliatory action, French President Jacques Chirac proposed that the 10,000-strong rapid reaction force now being raised by the French, British and Dutch armies in Bosnia be sent into action to enable Srebrenica by force of arms. "If we do not react," Chirac argued, "then we have to ask ourselves what purpose the United Nations Protection Force (UNPROFOR) is serving there and draw the appropriate conclusions."

Many at the United States have already drawn these conclusions, in particular Senate majority leader and Republican presidential hopeful Robert

Dole. "It's time to end this here," he said as he announced that he would introduce a binding resolution as the Senate tries next to disavow the United States from any international arms embargo that has prevented the Bosnian Muslims from buying the kind of weaponry needed to mount a credible defense against the Serb rebels. But such an action would as certainly escalate hostilities and trigger a UN withdrawal of U.S. troops that, in turn, would leave American military forces in the Bosnian quagmire to help in the rescue operation.

For his part, President Clinton rejected any unilateral lifting of the arms embargo. But although clearly in a US-to-withdrawing U.S. troops on a deadline move, Clinton was forced to acknowledge that the UN peace effort was on shaky



former Yugoslavia for the past two years. At the same time, it has increased the chances of a pallid of the 24,000 UN troops—850 of them Canadian—that are scattered across the country. And that, in turn, is an unsettling prospect that would require the dispatch of a 70,000- to 80,000-strong NATO force, including at least 35,000 U.S. ground troops, to maintain the beleaguered blue berets and their own equipment.

Officials on both sides of the Atlantic, while preparing for an "emergency" meeting in London on July

proved aid might require a U.S. aid bailout. "Unless we can restore the integrity of the UN mission, obviously this [aid] will be non-existent," Clinton said.

In effect, the Western powers are paralyzed. The UN forces are insufficient to prevent Serbs—or Bosnians—aggression, and air attacks put the peacekeepers at risk as hostages. And so, on the other hand, would surely lead to the deaths of more innocent civilians. And in another, perverse, sign of how desperate the situation had become, there were reports in Belgrade that Muslims in the besieged enclave of Zepa fired on their UN protectors in an attempt to capture their weapons to fight the attacking Serbs.

Evacuation of the peacekeepers would take an estimated five months, primarily because of the difficulties involved in withdrawing close to 25,000 troops and tons of equipment currently scattered throughout



Bosnia. "Much of the terrain is mountainous and many of the UNPROFOR units are in isolated and vulnerable positions," General John Shalikowicz, chairman of the U.S. joint chiefs of staff, pointed out last month as he drew up the evacuation plan. "A secure withdrawal of all of these forces presents many obstacles and difficulties."

Not least is the fact that an American presence on the ground in Bosnia opens a new and unpredictable phase in a conflict that is already intricate. Despite the obvious points, however, there may well be few other alternatives. Even before the Bosnian Serbs overran Srebrenica, the UN mission was unraveling. The seizure of the enclave accelerated the process, undermining the enormous difficulty of sending lightly armed troops to keep the peace in a place where the principal players are intent on waging war.

BARBARA CANEAL with correspondents' reports

## What to do next?

Ottawa has no clear position on Bosnia

Underweight, underpowered and waiting for the clock to run out. At the end of last week, that seemed to describe the situation confronting 17 Canadian peacekeepers stranded at two observation points in Bosnia. Short of food and water, and suffering from a variety of ailments including sick rations and diarrhea, they were dependent upon Bosnian troops allowing other new supplies to get in—or the Canadian soldiers a chance to get out. Neither was happening as fast as Canadian officials had hoped.

But that description of the Canadian soldiers' position also summed up the plight of

Canada next. Nor do they expect the conference to provide a clear resolution. "Virtually every option is on the table," said one foreign affairs officer, from an eventual complete pullout of UN troops to the formation of a "peacekeeping" force that would be prepared to engage in combat.

With that wide framework, Canada is keeping all two options open. Collette said Canada remains committed to keeping troops in the region for the near future because withdrawal would be "thought with even greater danger." But no one was willing to say specific about how long Canada will remain,

and other officials acknowledged that Ottawa might renege the 280 Canadian troops stationed there, even if other UN troops remained. In fact, only one option is unacceptable: "We cannot," said the same foreign affairs official, "regard the status quo as a continuing possibility."

As always, the other factor muddling military concerns is importance is the political element. On a global scale, all the countries involved recognize that it would be a disastrous blow to the UN's reputation for it simply to abandon Bosnia. But domestically, within all of the countries—with the possible exception of Canada—there is little appetite for contributing troops to a strike force that would inevitably face counterattacks and the deaths of some of its members. Thankfully for Clinton, his political opposition is divided and divided between the stance of the Falco party, which is calling for a complete and immediate pullout of Canada's troops, and the Bloc Québécois, which has generally supported UN action.

As well, Canada's contribution to the UN forces is small compared with the more numerous and better-armed French, British and Dutch forces. All that means, in turn, that Canada's role at the Lazard conference is likely to be limited. And even if firm decisions are made, it will take more time to implement them. Time, one federal official said with a sigh, is something that all of the countries participating in the UN peacekeeping force would like to have more of before making what are likely to be agonizing decisions. But for too many people in the killing fields of Bosnia, the clock has already run out.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH in Ottawa

## Politics and pride

Upping the stakes in U.S.-China relations

Both are proud and powerful nations, members of the nuclear weapons club and the UN Security Council, highly influential in global affairs.

The leader of the oldest country inherits an evangelistic impulse to "use the power of American values to shape the world." The collective leadership of the most populous nation and the world's fastest growing economy, in the meantime, is drawn to the United States for better or for ill.

The United States has reached its 100th birthday in Washington and Beijing, presidents Bill Clinton and Jiang Zemin, each in office since early 1993, are fighting for their political lives against pressures from the left and the right. A year ago, their governments appeared to have found a way to get along, but pecking loudly to conserve

after elections, the Clinton and Jiang administrations took a series of small steps that, by early last week, had carried them into a collision course. Politics and pride seemed to stand in the way of reconciliation.

"Sino-American relations are in a free fall," said Henry Kissinger, who helped revive years of U.S.-China embassy to president Richard Nixon's national security adviser in the early 1970s. And that, he said, endangers Asian stability. Speaking to a panel of U.S. senators after a recent visit to China, he cited a central element in the dispute—the status of Taiwan, the island off China's coast that Beijing regards as a breakaway province and Washington supplies with weapons and other weapons. If Beijing concludes that Washington favors a separate Taiwan, he said, "China would probably prefer to meet by force."

Even in Kissinger's report, another visit to Beijing and Washington seemed to reduce the heat. A White House spokesman insisted, "We accept the view that Taiwan is part of China." On another key feature of the dispute—China's designation of Hainan, a Chinese-born U.S. citizen—a foreign ministry spokesman in Beijing called an American "to see and see the result of the investigation." Wu's case. That was taken by many in Washington as a signal that Wu may simply be deported.

Still, hardening Republicanism as Congress pressed to minimize for Wu's arrest by imposing heavy tariffs on imports from China since proposed cutting relations altogether.

### REPORT FROM WASHINGTON

BY CARL MOELLERS

Newt Gingrich, Speaker of the House, of Republicanism, and Clinton should still U.S. recognition to Taiwan from China, "a decision that ignores basic human rights."

The quarrel centered on Taiwan's President Lee Teng-hui, allowed to visit the United States last month in a U.S. policy reversal, as

senators and Clinton sought to establish diplomatic relations with Vietnam.

Sen. John McCain, an Arizona Republican, who was a prisoner of war in Vietnam, accused a China-containment policy in approving Clinton's decision. "We need a strong Taiwan," McCain said, "and what is a disturbing pattern of behavior on the part of the Chinese," he said.



He is determined to a crusade against Chinese labor camps

White members of Congress seek resolution, others have asked Congress and Clinton for providing the dispute by addressing Taiwan's presence. But some critics still claim for overlooking. They pointed out that with a Beijing struggle for the inside of Deng Xiaoping, 93, as paramount leader. And reports from China of the kind of arrest that led to 1989 to the violent suppression of the Chinese democracy movement.

Beijing's "Six Principles" drew attention from domestic problems to what they portray as a threat to China's sovereignty.

The power struggle in Beijing may indicate that China's leadership is losing its grip on its 1.2 billion people across a vast coliseum of increasingly disparate regions. In China's long history, periods of chaos that endangered outsiders often followed the fall of ruling dynasties. Now, in a time of nuclear weaponry, the possibility of history repeating itself seems a jarring prospect. □

action. Adopting Lee, albeit on a private visit, was taken in Beijing as a breach of that commitment.

During Lee's visit, the U.S. defense department announced that Taiwan prepared to buy \$200 million worth of American military planes. That supported suspicion in Beijing that Clinton engaged in a policy to encourage and sustain China's power. The theory received reinforcement from several recent U.S. initiatives with non-border neighbors of China, including Clinton's confidence last week that Washington is establishing full diplomatic relations with Vietnam.

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On June 10, five days after Lee flew home from visiting Council University, his alma mater in Illinois, N.Y., Beijing recalled its ambassador from Washington, a gesture of displeasure. The U.S. ambassador left Beijing at the same time for a scheduled news posting—but before Clinton had announced a successor. On June 10, but not published until almost three weeks later, Chinese authorities accused Harry Wu. They charged him with using false names, spying and other "criminal activities." Wu, 58, who moved to California after his release in 1959 from a 19-year term in Chinese labor camps, has made several disclosure visits to China. He gathered information for British and U.S. TV programs indicating the use of body parts from executed prisoners in surgical transplants and the export of goods made by forced labor to the United States.

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**FREE AT LAST:** After six years of house arrest, Burmese opposition leader Daw Aung San Suu Kyi, 50, called for parliament in the fight for democracy against the military dictatorship that detained her. A moderately freed Suu Kyi, who won the 1991 1990 Peace Prize, added that she would consider a coalition with the military as a first step towards achieving full democracy. She was detained for her outspoken attacks on the military, which killed and imprisoned thousands while suppressing a 1988 pro-democracy uprising.

## The defence's turn

At his seemingly interminable trial in Los Angeles last week, G. Simpson's lawyers persuaded the jury with a kinder, gentler version of the man accused of murdering his ex-wife Nicole Brown Simpson, and her friend, Ronald Goldman, in June 1994. Simpson's 39-year-old daughter, Arnelle, and his mother, 79-year-old Elaine, testified that the former football star, television sports commentator and sometime actor was devastated by his ex-wife's murder. But the first week of defence testimony in the step-by-step, endlessly reformed and often acrimonious proceedings did not proceed smoothly for Simpson. His lawyers failed to persuade beleaguered Judge Lance Ito to allow them to pursue a theory that Mrs. Simpson was brutally murdered by Colombian drug dealers, who mistook her for someone else. And prosecutors were able to elicit from

new defence witnesses an acknowledgment that he had seen a vehicle similar to Simpson's white Ford Bronco leaving the scene on the night of the murders.

## Still in charge

Just days after being hospitalized with heart pains, President Boris Yeltsin demonstrated that he remains in firm control of the Russian political agenda by setting Dec. 17 as the date for new elections in the Duma, Russia's lower house of parliament. But the decree, made from hospital without explanation, did little to quell rumors that the 64-year-old Yeltsin is seriously ill and is unlikely to run for reelection when his current five-year term expires next year. The memorial Yeltsin earlier postponed a three-day visit to Norway that was scheduled to begin this week. Doctors described Yeltsin's latest health condition as a chronic blood supply problem.

## A MIRACULOUS RESCUE

Rescue workers found three young adults who survived last month's horrifying collapse of a Seoul department store. One, a 16-year-old woman, survived under tons of rubble for nearly 14 days and was reported to be dehydrated but otherwise in good health. Earlier, workers rescued a 21-year-old man and an 18-year-old woman. The June 23 catastrophe killed more than 300 people and left more than 200 missing. Police have charged the store owner with criminal negligence leading to the collapse and two former government officials with taking bribes.

## KILLING THE BABIES

The civil war in Sri Lanka got bloodier when government aircraft bombed several civilian targets, including a Catholic church, killing—according to Tamil rebels—121 people, 13 of them babies. Previously, the military had dropped leaflets suggesting that civilians take refuge in temples and churches during air strikes.

## ENDORSE WOMEN'S RIGHTS

While mourning his sister against women priests, Pope John Paul II apologized in a 10-page letter for the historic role played by the Roman Catholic Church in the oppression of women. The letter, issued in advance of September's UN Conference on Women in Beijing, declared that the feminist movement had been "a substantially positive one." Added the 78-year-old Pope: "This is a matter of justice, but also of reality. Women will increasingly play a part in the solution of the serious problems of the future."

## DEATH IN THE BULL RING

A 25-year-old American was gone to death at the annual running of the bulls in the streets of Pamplona, Spain. Late hundreds of other local and foreign tourists had joined in the event to be chased through the city's cobble streets by six fighting bulls. Tassilo, who was gored in the abdomen and died in hospital after a measure loss of blood, became the event's first fatality in 75 years.

## A CONTRASTY STUDY

A new medical study found no link between breast cancer and taking estrogen after menopause, directly contrary to results published last month that found that estrogen use produced a 35-per-cent higher breast cancer risk. The new findings by a team of researchers from Seattle, published in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, were based on the medical histories of 1,028 women aged 50 to 64.

## MEDIA WATCH



# A red light for Toronto to the good?

BY GEORGE BAIN

I was born in Toronto on Jan. 28, 1936, which is to say approaching the latest time anyone could be born in Toronto and claim to have grown up solely rooted in the Toronto known as "Toronto the Queen City," "Toronto the City of Trees," "Toronto the City of Homes," "Toronto the City of Churches," or, simply, "Toronto the Good." That Toronto was still with us when I was grown up.

Contrast that stability with the equivalent circumstances of, for instance, Peter Goss who in July 13, 1990. He held in a 1990 essay that one of two ways either way from his birth date wouldn't have made much difference. For his generation, it was not the date they grew up from that counted, but what they grew up to. That was the Toronto of the 1960s and 80s, when they were in their twenties and thirties.

Specifically, Toronto's essay was titled *City of the Future*, which was to say in spirit with it, not growing up in Toronto. My generation grew up in Toronto. I can not sure what that meant at all, except perhaps the small downtown already added to all being different from those who came later. Certainly it wasn't far from the rest of the world. Someone came and stayed of us all, hypothetically prior to Toronto was the strongest unifying influence in the land. As the 1960s began, that was changing.

I found the Gossian essay in *The Toronto Book*, an anthology published in 1976 by Macmillan of Canada. The editor was the late William Kilbourn. By Dec. 18, 1980, a professor of history and the humanities at Toronto's York University and an author Kilbourn himself wrote in *The Toronto Book*, "Toronto became a big city in the 1960s, the fastest-growing in North America." Pivotal was a decade increased from 1.1 million to 1.6 million. All sorts of things happened to change Toronto in the 1960s. Nathan Phillips, Toronto's first Jewish mayor—previously, the relations in Toronto city council had

*The media will likely play an active and crucial role in the city's debate over whether to have Canada's first official red-light district*

been predominantly Protestant and conservative—ruled the political old guard, and brought about a new City Hall and a great one: someone could be born in Toronto as an extrajurisdictional. Most of the churches presided against it. The 1960 municipal election produced a three-revolution of the issue, obviously stimulated by the issue. That came of the three city councilors supported Lampert, obviously unwilling to risk that they would be the old world. As the 1960s moved on, against the background, it becomes an interesting question where Toronto will find a viable/potential/successful back to lead the way to the city's achieving a third level of world-classness by becoming the home of Canada's only red-light district. No was anyone in the business of what they call the red-light district and the red-light district on radio and television will play. And, of course, some changing obstacles will have to be surmounted, such as the Criminal Code.

As becoming implies less, and then less money, and more being on the minds of politicians, and more being on the minds of politicians, should be no shortage of obstacles to throw the first rock. It leaves thinking about.

and 6 p.m. to begin with, as received by well-known by what newscasters would be called the cities. Those included newspaper editors of whom it is necessary only to have known since I did not doubt whether their prior view especially on the coming of the public has caused 138 people and the corporate view they expressed.

Both issues, here and Sunday baseball, had their villains, as all latter debates on moral issues must have—someone, or some ones, at which to throw the rocks. The villain in the reform of the liquor laws, and particularly in the eyes of the Toronto Daily Star, was George Drew, premier of Ontario. It is fitting that reform wasn't enough to merge the Toronto Star of Joseph E. (Stefy Joe) Molloy. Drew gave further offence by using the paper for libel over an unrelated matter even while that issue was alive. That, of course, was on top of his continuing public infidelity of being a Tory. His only saving grace to the Star was that his name, in the past, was linked with houses—as in Drew's house here, a not far from buildings, which the Star used and, so, doubt, was truly grateful.

But the Star did not attack alone the Toronto Baseball, even more Old Toronto than Old Tor, which is saying a lot, attacked as well. So did the *Compass* paper, not necessarily because it attacked Drew—but because it killed Drew.

At the start of Sunday baseball, the even more exposed villain was Allan Lamport, a Toronto city councillor in 1960, later mayor. To illustrate what Lamport was up against in championing a mayor on Sunday, Eric Huxton in the July 15, 1982, issue of *Maclean's*, cited a Toronto mad as being born from 525 or 10 days of summer for a person on a Sunday just a few years earlier, and city grid grids having taken to demanding prescriptions for paper after after 19 of them were filed in one day for Sunday sales.

It had taken Lamport three years to persuade himself to chance a proposal on an on Sunday against the issue. Most of the churches presided against it. The 1960 municipal election produced a three-revolution of the issue, obviously stimulated by the issue. That came of the three city councilors supported Lampert, obviously unwilling to risk that they would be the old world. As the 1960s moved on, against the background, it becomes an interesting question where Toronto will find a viable/potential/successful back to lead the way to the city's achieving a third level of world-classness by becoming the home of Canada's only red-light district. No was anyone in the business of what they call the red-light district and the red-light district on radio and television will play. And, of course, some changing obstacles will have to be surmounted, such as the Criminal Code.

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raises prices for liquor will simply increase smuggling, an underdeveloped industry that is estimated to have cost the Ontario government \$770 million last year. Indeed, Sterling acknowledges that the spectre of increased smuggling is a major concern for the government. "Higher prices," he quickly adds, "are certainly not my goal."

Our group that would leap at the chance to sell alcoholic drinks alongside milk, butter and bread in the Toronto-based Ontario Consumer Sales Association, which represents multi-retail opportunities to sell as major chains. Executive director Russ Gendron says that consumers would be better served by using licensed laws, and he notes that Starbucks' grocery and corner stores have sold beer and wine for years without problems.

But for Ontario's 5,000 unlicensed liquor store employees—who stand to lose jobs that pay an average of \$17.73 an hour—the prospect of privatization is bleak. Union leaders contend that there is little economic justification for the move. Last year, the LCBO contributed \$385 million of its \$880 million in profits to the provincial treasury, in addition to \$665 million in tax revenues and licensing

## Rummage sales



**THE BOTTOM LINE**

BY DILLON McMEIKY

Call it the Great Canadian Bazaar. After decades of mismanaged public ownership, governments across the country are now closing up their cupboards and offering to sell an eclectic assortment of assets to the private sector. The stalls are piled high with a jumble of secondhand airports, a railway, an oil refinery, a sewage, a couple of provincial liquor boards and at least one electric power utility. For the more adventurous, there may even be a token airport—two—tacked to the utility cartilage and the chopped scraps. The proceeds of the sale will be donated to a worthy cause.

The sheet of the exercise, at least, is to reduce government spending and debt. And privatization is currently the favorite panacea for the problems of public-sector insolvency as imposed market discipline on blunder, bureaucratic inflexibility, and a ubiquitous sense of the loss burden required to cover the cost of sprawling government services.

Canada, of course, has more than its share of publicly owned assets. Those who have studied the issue also claim that it has come about because the Constitu-

tion International Airport. There was a great deal of self-serving chatter about the details, but in the end, it was a classic case of one political group arbitrarily censoring a contract legally concluded by another. A rather damning precedent, perhaps, for those who are currently crowding the stalls of public-sector assets.

But as even more critical consideration as the law of all rummage sales. Anyone who has ever pored through the goods in a church bazaar knows that the good stuff gets snapped up quickly, and you are lucky to get someone to cart the leftovers away. This particular party brings to the case of Ontario Hydro. The utility's chairman, Maurice Strong, has become increasingly open to his company to pursue its operations as soon as possible. He argues that a sale of Ontario Hydro is the only way to make the cumbersome utility more competitive, and that each firm that a deal would pay down a large chunk of the utility's \$4.2-billion debt load.

No doubt this is a very sound plan. And as with all of Strong's initiatives—like the creation of Petro-Canada in the 1992 oil environment summit in Ottawa—it is precisely based on the political temper of the times. The catch, however, is that Ontario Hydro's control investment is also its least soluble: a stable of troubled nuclear power plants.

In Ottawa, where the Thatcher government began the push to privatize public utilities in the late 1980s, the government is still grappling with the question of what to do with its nuclear generators. Given the inherent risks—both financial and political—would find them unsalable. They are costly to operate and maintain, especially at a time when there is a power surplus in the province. And it is almost impossible to assess the eventual cost of closing the facilities at the end of their 30-to-40-year lifetimes, not to mention the cost of disposing of the waste they generate.

If it should come as no shock to those to listen that they will probably be saddled with such tag ends of privatisation. Before Canadians rush to unload their profitable public assets, we should make certain that there's a concrete plan for dealing with the messes. Now as the time for sales—as well as for buyers—is before.

**METER FOR MCA**  
Ron Meyer was appointed president and chief operating officer of MCA Inc., the entertainment conglomerate recently acquired by Seagram Co. Ltd. for \$7.7 billion. Meyer, 55, will replace Sidney Sheinberg, 66, who has run MCA since 1973. On Aug. 1, Meyer is president and co-founder of Creative Artists Agency and a partner of Michael Ondaatje, Seagram's first choice for the MCA job.

**CANWEST GOES EAST**  
Carleton Place Communications Corp. of Winnipeg established its first branch in Quebec, forming a joint venture with Télé-Montreal of Montreal. The companies plan to realize 1998-99, currently an English-language affiliate of the C in Quebec City for which Télé-Montreal holds the license. The move brings Carleton closer to its objective of becoming Canada's third national television network.

**EMERGING GIANTS**  
First Chicago Corp. and M&B Bancorp Inc. of Denver have announced the second-largest bank merger in U.S. history. As a result of the \$1.3-billion deal, the two companies have created First Chicago Bancorp, the second-largest U.S. bank, with assets of \$193.1 billion. It is the latest in a string of mergers in the U.S. financial services sector.

**CUTBACKS AT THE BANK**  
The Bank of Canada has announced plans to reduce staff and restructure its operations to reduce its operating budget by 12 per cent over the next five years. The bank will cut up to 800 of its 2,050 employees and close five bank-also distribution centres.

**ALGOMA INVESTS**  
Algoma Steel Inc. of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., has completed its plans to raise \$225 million through a new series of non-cumulative shares and debentures of first mortgage notes. The proceeds of the "dividend-statement" finance a modernization program, including investment in a \$400-million hot-rolled steel plant. Algoma employees own 50 per cent of the company.

**PAYCHECKE**  
The median Canadian salary rose slightly in 1993 to \$20,000 from \$19,000 in 1992, according to Statistics Canada. Between 1980 and 1990, the median income rose 7.5 per cent. A typical worker earned \$1.8 per cent of an average wage rate in 1993, up from \$1.7 per cent in the previous year. Total self-employment income rose 6.7 per cent between 1990 and 1992.

# Business NOTES

## Dispute over WIC flares again

The battle for control of WIC Western International Communications Ltd. of Vancouver intensified last week, resulting in the resignation of Frank Griffiths and Harold Rosen as co-chairmen and members of the executive committee. Edward King, deputy chairman of Wood Gundy Inc. and a WIC director, has been named as their replacement. The company, which owns eight television and 11 radio stations as well as pay-television and satellite network assets, said that because of "ongoing legal actions between major shareholders, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Rosen left it to be in the best interests of WIC if the chair was held independently of the parties' own stated involvement in the litigation." Both men will remain as WIC's board of directors.

Griffiths, the son of WIC founder Frank Se, and Rosen represent opposite sides in a battle for control of the broadcasting conglomerate. They have shared the chairmanship of WIC since September, 1994. Griffiths and his family control 62 per cent of the company's shares and the per cent of the non-voting shares of WIC through the family company, Western Broadcasting Co. Ltd. Rosen represents Carlton Holdings Ltd., which is owned by the Allard family of Edmonton. Carlton holds 29 per cent of WIC's voting shares and 39 per cent of the non-voting stock. Last year the Allard bid to gain control of WIC was failed by the Griffiths, although the Allards were eventually allowed to acquire non-voting shares and to share the chairman's role.

Despite that compromise, the two families are still feuding over the Allard's bid to take control of the company. Griffiths, who is a court-appointed receiver, says that the Allard's bid would result in a takeover of WIC, which is technically the largest stockholder in WIC. The court-appointed receiver says that the Allard's bid would result in a takeover of WIC, which is technically the largest stockholder in WIC. The court-appointed receiver says that the Allard's bid would result in a takeover of WIC, which is technically the largest stockholder in WIC.



Griffiths' power pact fails

## Seaway bid group

A consortium of some of Canada's largest corporations is proposing to take over the operation and management of the St. Lawrence Seaway in Ontario and Quebec from Transport Canada. The members of the group, who include the largest users of the water route, say that they are determined to protect their business interests by playing a key role in the operation of the "dividend-statement" waterway. Transport Minister Doug Young said that he is open to the idea of a consortium to operate the seaway. Federal policies covering the seaway route as well as the railway and aviation in the seaway are currently under review. Ontario's plan for the seaway is expected to be announced in the fall.

The seaway consortium includes several companies: Algoma Central Corp., Upper Lakes Shipping Ltd., Canada Steamship Lines Inc. and Fellow Ltd. (Canada Steamship Lines Inc. of Montreal is 100 per cent owned by Federal Finance Minister Paul Martin. While Martin is a member of cabinet, however, he has con-

solidly managed control of his business interests to a third party. They have teamed up with steelmakers Stelco Inc. and Dofasco Inc. as well as three grain handlers—Cargill Ltd., James Richardson and Sons Ltd., and Louis Dreyfus Corp.

Although no concrete proposals have been put forward yet, the consortium would prefer the seaway to be placed under the control of a joint public and private-sector venture, with private enterprise taking responsibility for the daily operation of the waterway. A separate initiative, engineering company SNC-Lavalin Group Inc. of Montreal has also expressed an interest in running the seaway. Ownership of the system, which includes 23 locks and four locks between Montreal and Lake Erie, would probably remain in federal government hands.

The consortium says its goal is to ensure that Ontario's plan for the seaway does not impair its members' "commercial flexibility." The group's list of concerns includes labor contracts, legislation and an emphasis on working more closely with the U.S. government, which contributes to the seaway's infrastructure.

## Ontario's Sterling: "the ideal that has government as a model"

John Cohen, president of the Ontario Liquor Stores Employees Union, says the election-strapped government would benefit from a sale of first-mover to the private sector. It sells the LCBO. The province, he predicts, would then be forced to make up the shortfall with higher liquor taxes.

In fact, Cohen maintains that the province would only receive about \$800 million from selling 600 liquor stores, which he says is a drop in the bucket for a province with a \$80-billion debt. Sterling counters, however, that it is possible at this early stage to put a value on the liquor stores. And he adds that if the privatization plan goes ahead, LCBO employees will have an opportunity to bid on the stores themselves. Whether that makes sense has yet to be seen, but there is no doubt that, in Ontario or in Alberta, a revolution in alcohol retailing is under way.



# A country of many cultures and flavors

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Jacques Parizeau's most charming habit as a politician has always been his propensity for having one of his feet firmly planted in his mouth. Last week, he had them both jammed in his jaw, when it was reported that in a private session with European ambassadors in Ottawa, he compared the plight of Quebecers after a "yes" vote on the referendum to lobsters in a pot.

Whether the pot was a trap set, as some diplomats who were there maintain, or a kitchen baiter as others who heard him reported, makes no difference to the metaphor. All that counts is whether the lobsters will behave like typical Canadians—used to typical lobsters—by dropping below criticism that try to change back into the boiling pot.

All of the worry and confusion about the coming referendum has so far been focused on what's been happening in Quebec: that Quebecers are self-aware and the dilemma that makes a necessary choice equally what has taken place in the rest of the country. As far as Canadians outside Quebec are concerned, the notice—no date to French Canada's national—of this country being the home of two founding nations is a dead duck. For that idea has been translated and explained not only Quebec in issue a distinct society, but the rest of Canada as well.

Instead, Canada has turned into a multicultural, not by government edict or so-called multiculturalism, but as a fact of life to anyone walking down just about any Canadian street.

When I first arrived here, from Czechoslovakia in 1960, we lived in Montreal—or more accurately, drowned—in a world dominated by White Anglo Saxon Protestants. Toronto was Irishland, and British and Irish; except for the bankers, who were Scottish.

That's why I don't subscribe to the hegemonic notion of the country as a "cultural pot," which was supposed to differentiate Canada from the American melting pot. That

*Collapse of the two-nation theory has moved the referendum to new ground. Canada now is a land with a common past but no common history.*

was never the Canadian way. The nation's ethnic architecture was set in place during the first decade of this century, when a multi-lingual class of writers planned to make a new life. It had been a perfect arrangement: the *Wagon* got on the fall of the construction and manufacturing boom in the heartland, while its readers were patently allowed to maintain their cultures—just as long as we kept it to ourselves. Viewers were expected to break the soil, do the dirty jobs, and kick down in Dominion Days. That point of view was most brazenly articulated by former Trudeau cabinet minister Bryce Mackay as recently as 1978. "Where?" he demanded during a speech detailing the country's immigration policy. "Where would we be without the Italians, the Czechoslovaks and the Portuguese, the Greeks and Lithuanians? Who would do the dirty work, and dig the subway, mine the mines, sweep the floors..."

Shower manuals noted such prejudice. But now no ethnic or linguistic threat dominates the Canadian scene. During the past two decades, three million immigrants, mostly from Asia, Africa, and other non-white continents, have arrived on Canada's shores

The fact that the members of Canada's founding societies are no longer in the ascendancy means that a new and radically different country has been created.

The politically correct nation of Canada is the home of two nations has entered reality. Only the hard constitutional reforms will maintain that one society (Quebec) is distinct while the other, by default, is indistinct. To politicians outside Quebec, such a "two nations" theory has always been a sociological phenomenon which meant not very much except that it gave legitimacy to their constitutional inquiries. To Quebec nationalists, it meant everything. To have your own language and culture recognized meant being a proud people instead of a struggling tribe with curious rhetorical affinities. "Quebec sovereignty is not about resentment against English Canada," Lucien Bouchard, separatist's most articulate proponent, kept insisting. "It's about two nations which need to go their own way politically to give themselves the kind of society they believed and deserve."

It was a wonderful dream, that Canada with two founding nations would calmly evolve toward the 21st century. It was a wonderful dream, but it no longer reflects what Canada has become. The wisest comment I've heard on the issue came a while ago from Dr. Vrinia Kozicki, chairman of the University of Toronto's psychiatry department. "Nobody any longer could dwell on a sociological garden in which you preserve yourself as a species untroubled by changes in ecology. We're all blood brothers now."

Equality of treatment, which became the great cause of the 1960s, is plainly incompatible with any form of officially sanctioned privilege based on language, ethnicity or length of tenure. The time has come to acknowledge that bilingualism and biculturalism are terminally incompatible.

The collapse of the legitimacy of the two-nation theory outside Quebec has moved debate on Canada's future to new ground. Degraded of its founding myth, Canada has become a land with a common past but no common history.

Resolution of this foundational new factor is at the heart of the Quebec referendum. If Canada has truly abandoned its historical roots after for being one country, should it become two?

Inflammatory rhetoric aside, Quebec's position can be reduced to the simple phrase that when communities are integrated, individuals are assimilated—so that only global language for something close to it is a guarantee the long-term survival of Quebec's language and distinctive way of life. The problem is in how to grant Quebec control over its destiny without wrecking Canada in the process—how to create two "nations" and still have one country.

Canada's constitutional optimism—itsself the best hope for the future—has been shattered. Some voters with the notion that this country takes a lot of killing. That questionable aphorism is about to be tested, once and for all.

## DANCES WITH DUDLEY THE DRAGON

Canadian actor **Graham Greene** lives a challenge. His recent roles include such diverse characters as a philosophical meditation man on the quirky CBS television drama *Northern Exposure* and a street-hardened cop in this summer's action flick *The Hit*. With a vengeance, which stars Bruce Willis. Now, Greene is expanding his repertoire again. In addition to recreating his General-award winning role as



Greene as the Big Bad Wolf, dancing with *Dudley*.

Mr. Crabby Tree on the syndicated children's show *The Adventures of Dudley the Dragon*, Greene—who has been a guest on the show since its first season two years ago—will also play the Big Bad Wolf in a future episode paying tribute to Little Red Riding Hood. Just as Greene, who has Hollywood breakthrough as the 1999 epic *Dances with Wolves*: "You just can't get away from type-casting."

## PEOPLE PLAYING HER PERSONAL BEST

Canada's top touring professional golfer will not be playing in this season's only major Ladies Professional Golf Association (LPGA) tournament north of the border. **Hawa Co-Jones**, 36, of Lake Cowichan, B.C., has decided to drop out of the du Maurier LPGA Classic in Westchester, Que., in August because of her and her husband, **James Jones**, are expecting their first child in late October. Co-Jones had won \$222,851 going into her last event before taking her maternity leave—last season's U.S. Open in Colorado Springs, Colo.—and was an intent to break her personal single-season earnings record of \$160,730, set in 1989. That puts her in the top 10 on the LPGA Tour money list. So, although pregnancy clearly has not hurt her ability to compete on the golf course, Co-Jones, who now lives in Lantz, Fla., near Tampa, says the time is right to take a break. She notes that her condition demands that she drink plenty of water and thus keep track of "where the ladies' rooms are along the way." In addition to motherhood, Co-Jones says she is looking forward to her first summer holiday since turning pro in 1983.

Co-Jones: a summer vacation away from golf



## A DEBT OF GRATITUDE

On his second album, **Brian Neville** gets a little help from his musical friends—**Bonnie Raitt**, **Nicki Richards** and **Brandford Marsalis**, to name a few. But the New Orleans singer and songwriter says he owes his biggest debt of gratitude to his family: father **Arnon Neville** and the rest of the clan who runs **The Neville Brothers**. And that's why, says the younger Neville, he titled the new CD *Thanks*. "I owe a really good debt," he said. "Hearing the Neville name has always been an advantage." Neville adds that although there were lots of family squabbles while he was growing up, there was no pressure to turn professional. He learned to play guitar at age 30, but it wasn't until he was 17 and playing piano in his high school stage band that he became serious about music. "I was kind of shy and I figured out it was a good way to get the girls' attention," he says. An inspiration of another kind.

Neville: "a good way to get the girls' attention"



## INCREDIBLE ENCOUNTERS

**James C. D. B. Bryson** is so absorbed in the rest of his brief life in an award-winning writer whose best-selling book *Friendly Fire* told the story of an American soldier in Viet Nam killed by American troops. So, when Bryson covered

a five-day conference at UTO in June, 1992, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he was prepared to meet it as a lark. But as the conference progressed, he says that he was awestruck by the claims of alien abduc-

tion—none of children as young as 2, some corroborated by several witnesses and by the fact that renowned scientists in fields from physics to psychiatry were trying to come to terms with the described events. Bryson's most recent book, *Close Encounters of the Fourth Kind*, since Aberdeen, 1970s and the *Craftsmen* at

*M.I.T.*, takes a serious look at the phenomenon and tries to explain why credible people are telling such incredible stories. He acknowledges, however, that there is a risk in taking that approach. "I wondered if I would ever be taken seriously again."

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

# Last fall, Ann Marie Potton hiked up Whistler Mountain—and vanished without a trace

# MISSING

BY MARC McDONALD

**A**t dusk, the fog drifts in off Lake Ontario, lapping against the shoreline just beyond George and Maureen Potton's backcountry home. When they first moved to this mountained enclave on the sprawling outskirts of St. Catharines, Maureen worried her two school-age daughters about the lake's monstrous waves, but that was before other perils shattered the serenity of their Niagara peninsula community—before the spectre of Paul Bernardo and Karla Homolka's hangouts just 10 minutes away had conditioned every parent's nightmarish thoughts. Now, Maureen Potton cannot avoid the daily news accounts of Bernardo's trial and refuse to follow the lurid details on TV. She has her own acquaintance with a parent's worst fear—a tale that she is still trying to make sense of to this day: the disappearance of her daughter Ann Marie.

"That'll be Ann Marie," Maureen Potton said as she reached for the monitor. Two nights earlier, her eldest daughter had called from Whistler, the British Columbia ski town where she had just arrived for a second winter on the slopes. At 24, Ann Marie had been wistful at the thought of spending her first Thanksgiving away from home. But she had assured her mother, or that, after finishing work at the resort's Mad Cade, she was going to meet friends for a potluck feast. She had volunteered to bring the squash, but she confessed that she didn't have a clue what to do with it.

Maureen Potton had chuckled as she dictated the recipe. "It's my fault she doesn't know how to make squash," she thought. She had encouraged her two girls in sports and music, but, for the most part, it was Ann Marie who had shined. From age 10, she had been a member of the St. Catharines and later the Toronto Children's Chorus two hours away. Now, in her daughter's pink bedroom upstairs, roving models dangled from colorful screens across from a 1982 commemorative signed by then-Toronto mayor Art Egerton after the children's choir was first prize at the Langlois International Festival in Wales. Over the bed hung another framed note from Miki Miodrowy congratulating her on raising the 1982 Shantamart fund-raising campaign for cystic fibrosis at the University of Western Ontario, which broke campus records. Accomplishments had come easily to Ann Marie. But, as her family loved to know her, clumsy prowess was not one of them.

When Maureen Potton picked up the phone, she was pre-



pared to hear the chronicle of a madcap Thanksgiving meal. Instead, Cpl. Darrell Little of Whistler's RCMP detachment was on the line. "I just want to let you know your daughter is missing," he said. "She was last seen hiking on the mountain yesterday afternoon and she didn't turn up for work this morning. We're starting a search now."

Missing. The word hangs in the air as heavy as the evening dew settling over the poolside patio table where a floor-covered photo album sits unopened. George Potton still struggles to get his tongue around it, no matter how many times he has relived the details. At 2:30 a.m. on the night he learned Ann Marie had disappeared, he drifted Air Canada to make a reservation for Vancouver only to discover that the planes were fully booked. Then, he phoned a pilot friend and explained his plight. It was the first time he would call on the contact built up over a lifetime in the advertising game and Conservative politics. But it would not be the last.



■ Ann Marie as a Western grad, 1993, Whistler (left); a jock, at blond hair and grungy energy

Over the next nine months, as he set out on a search that would become a testament to one family's love and grit—and unique cohesiveness—he blazed a trail that he is turning into a resource manual for other families to follow. For so he has discovered, Ann Marie's case fell into a limbo for which no ongoing search facilities or support systems exist. Had she been under 16, she would have qualified for the RCMP's Missing Children's Registry, which last year recorded almost 72,000 reports of kids gone away (page 40). But as a missing adult, she became—after the initial search—just another entry on the computer of the Canadian Police Information Centre. Since so many adults who disappear have no desire to be found, police tend to regard those cases with less urgency—unless there is evidence of foul play.

That prospect—abduction or sexual assault—was a possibility Potton could not allow himself to contemplate. There were initial fears that a suspect in the murder of an eight-year-old Kelowna girl named Mandy Tuck might have made his way to Whistler that weekend. But by the time Potton arrived, the search for Ann Marie had turned up no sign of such a

possibility. Still, it had not turned up anything else, either. Not a single shred of clothing nor even the cars she was last seen taking. "There was not one clue," he pondered still.

The police had worried about her attack, but there were no grizzlies in the area, only brown bears preparing for hibernation. Nor was Ann Marie ever quarantined with that threat. For three summers, she had earned her tuition playing beer in the Northern Ontario beach and the local hills of the Rockies, drinking holes for squabs on steep slopes, joined for two nights. "In the history of this mountain as one has ever been eaten by a bear," Potton notes. Besides, bears might stare or even maul a human to death, but they invariably leave and race behind. And they do not consume cameras or dishes. Still, every night the mountain teams trudged in from the mountain empty handed.

At George Potton set out on his journey, he fought back disbelief and mounting dread. How could his outdoors-savvy daughter, five-foot-eight and 145 lb. of muscle after a summer scaling with Toronto's Ardenburg Rowing Club, have vanished without a trace? "If there's anyone you'd want to be stuck on a mountain with," he says, "it's Ann Marie."

Tanya Moore started to worry when her roommate failed to show up at Cita's bar late Saturday night, Oct. 6. They had agreed to meet for the Octoberfest lunch in the Whistler convention centre, and it wasn't her Ann Marie not to turn up or call. By 3 p.m., when Tanya got back to the chalet they shared on Nancy Greene Drive at the foot of Blackcomb Mountain, there was still no sign of Tanya, as Tanya dubbed her. She slept fitfully, then found herself jolted awake at 11 a.m. by the phone. Ann Marie hadn't reported for work at the Mad Cade that morning. "I knew right away something was wrong," she says.

At 10:25 a.m., her fingers shaking, Tanya Moore dialed the RCMP. But when she reached a Vancouver duty officer, not the Whistler detachment, he shrugged off her alarm. "They were not taking it in their stride," she recalls. "They were giving her 24 hours, saying she'd probably show up or maybe she'd called all for Vancouver." Tanya insisted that Ann Marie would never do such a thing; she was a stickler for punctuality and always phoned when she was going to be late. If anyone could watch for her habits, it was Tanya, her best friend since they were born in the same Etobicoke maternity ward in July, 1970, 10 hours and 15 minutes apart.

Long before that, their parents had been doing and teaching buddies. And at the time, George Potton was already an ardent Tory—so ardent that Conservative Leader Robert Stanfield had wired his congratulations to the hospital. So close were the two couples that they lived in the few weeks before Maureen's second pregnancy, where they girls played together long before they could walk. When both families graduated to houses in Mississauga, they lived only a block apart. Tanya could not remember a time without Potton.

At an occasion, they might have seemed opposites. Ann Marie was a jock, at blond hair and grungy energy, with a distinct muscular shape that had won her accolades as a soccer player at school. Tanya was a quiet beauty, a wifely dancer who excelled only during the seven years she spent at the National Ballet School. But even after the Pottons moved away when the girls were 12, they remained, as Tanya's mother put it, "thick as thieves."

In St. Catharines, Ann Marie had enrolled at Holy

Cross, the same Catholic high school teacher married by Kristin Presley, one of Paul Bremer's alleged victims. She had reported the same regulations given V-neck and plaid shirt that French wore in Bremer's measure house values. In 1996, when Ann Marie graduated as an Ottawa scholar, she was the second of Outstanding Student Candidates, and her mother, Hilly Cross tried to return the favor. To thank money for her search had, the rowing team used an expensive challenge—a timing race on indoor rowing machines—and rewarded participants with a purple T-shirt reading "King of Hope." At a school still suffering through the trauma of the French murders, teachers had encouraged the band leader as an act of healing, one which seemed suddenly apt for the student who had said at her graduation most poetically a decade later: *That's What Friends Are For*.

Ann Marie had first come to Whistler the winter after her graduation from Western. And when Tanya had followed months later, she had arranged a job for her behind the gift counter at the Maf Cafe. In fact, Tanya had to work on the afternoon that she visited Ann Marie still on her last hike before the mountain closed for winter skiing the next day. She had argued her to bring along Mikesha, a friend's golden retriever. But dogs were not allowed in the gondolas that Ann Marie planned to take to Pkita's, the panoramic restaurant at 5,000 feet above sea level, where the unusual sunset to the peak began. "I can still see her going on the floor," she says.

The next day, she did not trouble going the actual description of her friend's attire. Ann Marie had been wearing Tanya's clothes. As she rattled off the details of her dark green fleece jacket and leggings, the officers had exchanged a mutual glance. Ann Marie was wearing a perfect camouflage outfit that would make her doubly hard to find.

By then, Tanya was locating herself worryingly that the search-and-seizure team was starting out late. Another friend, Paige Bell, had volunteered another idea into action by checking the electronic scanner that read every motorist's pass at the bottom of the Whistler Mountain gondola ride. Sure enough, Ann Marie had been clocked in at 3:50 p.m.—one of more than 1,000 motorists that day on the jammed gondola.

As local papers and radio stations aired news of her disappearance, Robert Colquhoun, a Vancouver police officer, called in to report that a woman answering Ann Marie's description had stopped him and his family near the mountain at about 4:20 p.m. She had asked if they would mind taking her picture on her Fuji automatic, pointing against the distant backdrop of other jagged peaks known as Black Tusk. Then, she had jumped when the last gondola went back down the mountain "5:30," Colquhoun told her. But the gondola operator, who remembered her ride up, had no recollection of her descent.

By the time Tanya arrived at their planned Thanksgiving dinner, the group was tense. Ann Marie's chair sat in empty room. Finally, Tanya and Paige had picked up the car with Mikesha and driven up to the bottom of the Skiing Pass trail. Ann Marie's favorite route. They drove the headlights on the vast blackness and shouted her name in the still night air that they were not only by chance. They had stayed there, taking turns trying to sleep in the back seat and down the back and the actual search resumed.

Tanya was convinced that Ann Marie had fallen



Ann Marie at the Maf Cafe last year, showing her dream in Whistler

## 'I knew right away something was wrong'



and that, within a matter of hours, they would encounter her gently looping out of the wilderness. She was always tripping over things when they were passing Osoya, when she was rushed to the hospital after landing her leg in a Collegewood ski accident, the nurses had been all abuzz when flowers arrived with a card from the man about to be elected prime minister—Joe Clark. "She was pretty lucky," Tanya argued the searches, trying to stay upbeat. "She was probably one of the most accident-prone people I've ever known."

Cpl. Darrell Little had been on his day off when he heard about Ann Marie Potvin's disappearance. He was coming down Whistler Mountain after Sunday Thanksgiving brunch at Pkita's when he stopped by the detachment office. His colleague, Cpl. Stephen Woodbury, had a worried look on his face. Already, the searches were planning and the first snow flurries were settling down the snow line. "That's a girl missing," he said.

As the search began, he and Woodbury tried to patch together a missing person's profile. But Ann Marie Potvin had no motive for dis-



Little: the Potvins' flight with quilt of fears less and grief

appearing from the place she most wanted to be. She seemed to have no drug or boyfriend problems, and her friends scoffed when asked if she was depressive or too shy. Her sister was still in the chaperone when she had left that morning after a trip to an automatic teller machine. And her bank accounts were too modest for anyone plotting a getaway.

Over the next week, as he spent time with Potvin's father, Little learned himself increasingly convinced by the one. He had two kids of his own, aged two and five, and he cherished with Potvin's strength as he encouraged the search-and-seizure crews each morning. Even the psychiatrists who materialized, wanting to help George or Tanya's hand to pick up Ann Marie's ribs, turned out to be upsetting: the RCMP flew new women up the mountain only to find her sleeping off dirt into her mouth. Over the next two months, Little and Woodbury were awarded by the mystery of Ann Marie, often calling St. Catherine's to check in with the Potvins, who last came to report them as healthy. "It baffled me," Little says. "In 20 years of police work, I have never had a case like this. We just don't have any data to go on."

When Robert Ramsey heard that his new minister was the daughter of one of Paul Curley's political friends, he was not exactly thrilled. He suspected he would have to spend the summer in a holding house sheltered innocent whom Curley, the chairman of

Advance Planning & Communications, who had been known since she was a toddler. Then, Ann Marie Potvin's husband Alan Ramsey's Toronto office, with "his big yellow from the gut." She took to 70 work as if she had been born to it, which in a way she had been. Margaret Potvin worked for the St. Catharines Chamber of Commerce, where she was a when an event planner, and George Potvin was an executive in the billboard business. Ann Marie had a way of finding the right mix of clients on the phone, then smiling with Ramsey's office to call her eyes. "She was able to stickhandle anything," he says.

Fewer people did not last her. When Tanya's father Alan Gregg wandered into the office, she thought of crushing him up about the rock band he managed, The Tragically Hip. "She was total balls," says her colleague Christine Muldon. She helped orchestrate a news conference to announce a partnership with the Toronto Raptors basketball franchise. And she had barely been on the job two weeks when she was thrown into a brainstorming session to plan a news conference for one of the company's biggest accounts, announcing Alan Gregg's appointment as the new Canadian president of Vancor, which had just taken over Paramount's movie and communications empire. As the advance planners gathered how to spin the event, it was Ann Marie who came up with the idea of handing out bags of popcorn to Vancor's corporate clients, pack and people.

Curley was ready to give her full term. But at the end of the summer, Ann Marie told him that she had decided to follow her dream. When he went of her to Whistler the following winter, she took him out on her favorite runs. "She was a helluva runner," he says. For months, she had been making jokes about it to him, saying why he should hire her back for the summer, which he did. But when she made a claim that she would another winter skiing, he worried there might not be a job waiting again.

At the start of summer of 1994, she had negotiated over the dilemma. At lunch with Muldon, she worried that she was throwing away the career opportunity of a lifetime, but her heart was still in Whistler. At the time, she was sharing the third floor of a house with an old buddy from Emily Cross, Sean Charlevoix, and later at night, the feared that she was not yet ready for the daily corporate grind. "After Whistler it was very difficult for her to adjust in getting up every morning, taking the subway to work, then rowing every night," Charlevoix says. "She felt something was going to give, but she didn't want to let her parents down."

Ramsey, too, had tried to talk her out of going west. When she left, his moodiest present was a copy of the popular current guide, *What Color is Your Flower?* Three weeks later, when word of her disappearance reached, the Advance staff went into shock. Two after, Ramsey received a call from his wife saying that his 14-year-old stepdaughter had failed to turn up at school. He had hurried himself home in a panic, only to find she had overbooked. "That I thought, don't tell me people can't disappear from the face of the earth," he says. "Because now I know they can." Later, he mentioned to colleagues that he had seen a woman he would later learn was Ann Marie. Milk and there would be Ann Marie, anywhere or in the third of some capital, and he would soon hear "I told three people," he says, "and it turned out all three had the same last name."

Eight days after George Potvin arrived in Whistler—eight days after the mountain's closure with over 100 searchers—two RCMP helicopters equipped with heat-detecting cameras—now theories called off the search. A snowstorm had blown in, blanketing the trails, and experts insisted that a person, even unaided, could only survive 100 hours. Police was distraught. As he thanked the trained rescue team who had fanned over the icy terrain, unpaid and ill-equipped, his body broke down with unaccustomed work.

But George Potvin refused to give up. He had not spent 20 years as an advance planner, organizing what he knew was the most important political lesson, for nothing. Over the next five months, he and a band of family friends marshaled an unprecedented private search and awareness campaign. That campaign was a tribute to the group's determination and unique connections, but also to the crowds of volunteers, drawn by some memory of Ann Marie, that Potvin found through his house every day and his search house last fall.

On the second day of her disappearance, Margaret Potvin's best

friend, Judith Kennedy, watched her frustration and anguish. "We've got to get a project, Ma." They bought crates of blue denim, and, as more than 500 people came through the house over the next weeks, offering food and solace, she asked each to contribute a small denim square for what became their Quilt of Hope. "We'd have these football players sitting at the dangerous table extruding with their great big hands," Maureen Poiran says. "I gave people something to do, something to focus on besides the pain."

Then, grudgingly, the Ann Marie Poiran Search Committee took shape. The first meeting was on Halloween night, after the Poirans flew home from a second futile trip to Whistler. Sean Charlevoix, who had dropped out of his last year studying social history at McGill, showed up in costume as a tribute to all the Halloween parties that he and Ann Marie had thrown over the years. He volunteered to publish a newsletter.

Another university friend arranged to have a letter, appealing for any relevant photographs, sent to everyone who used a credit card in Whistler that day. Among the 276 snapshots mailed in was one from a doctor who had been visiting from Limoges, France. At first glance, the film showed only a son of bachelors with Pika's in the distance, but Charlevoix spotted a shadow. He kept enlarging the negative until a grainy black figure emerged among the racks. "Anybody who knows Ann Marie recognizes that posture," he says. The photo, blurred and obscure, had been taken nearly an hour before Robert Caldicott's last conversation with Ann Marie, but it became a token of what the group could accomplish.

For Charlevoix, it was a labor of love. He still had her bed sheets on his kitchen's answering machine and he couldn't bring himself to erase it. "She's the one who taught me how to live," he says. "She'd always say 'Carge a day—grab the day. And you know that if that happened to somebody else, Ann Marie would be the first one out there looking.' Carey Thachuk, a triathlon competitor who had dated Ann Marie for nine months at university, was a spot for her case on a May 20th episode of *American Most Wanted*. That segment produced a 15-minute TV interview, and a long daily reporting assignments from Seattle to Maryland—just that Cheryl Little has begun to follow them up.

Others printed up missing posters and pamphlets, plying every conceivable outlet. When the coastline's summer season opened last month, tourists found Ann Marie's business plastered everywhere from B.C. Hydro construction cabins to the inside of each panda—2000 flyers in all. "We don't want repeat visitors by a clue," Charlevoix says, "and not knowing it's a clue."

In the process, the group assembled a resource guide for other families of missing adults who might find themselves battling public indifference, with nowhere to turn. "As we found out, there is no group in place to help all these parents," George Poiran says. "We hope some other family will be the beneficiary of our experience."

On July 16, the Poirans and 21 friends flew out to Whistler for one last search before the summer's vegetation took hold. The money

that had poured into the Ann Marie Poiran trust fund had bought the mountain search-and-rescue team new equipment, including a core mammalian bear that allowed crews to contact each other on the mountain. The group's plans were high as they set out each morning from the Whistler fire hall. But as the days wore on, bringing cold and rain, the mood grew dark and confused. "People kept coming up to me, saying, 'I hope I'm not the one who finds her,'" Charlevoix recalls. "And I know I said that. But then when we didn't find anything, there was a lot of anger and frustration, too."

Charlevoix recalled that Joan Deniak, a Whistler mental health counselor, had once told them that a death brought closure and faded pain. But when someone was missing a life expectancy and unfinished business, which she advised them to regard as their own personal quest, "Ann Marie is asking you all on an odyssey," she had said. "I know what she meant," Charlevoix recalls. "My life will never be the same."

When Ann Marie disappeared last fall, her 29-year-old sister Karen was so devastated that she switched to part-time studies at Wilfrid Laurier University. This summer, with two courses to make up, she chose to study the differences between the coverage of the Paul Bernardo trial in a Toronto newspaper and in her home-town St. Catharines Standard, which she had expected to concentrate on the victim's families' pain. She had been in the same class at Italy Cross with Kristen French's brother, and hoped it would bring her insight into the child's treatment of her own family.

Now, moonlighting between summer jobs as a lifeguard and as a singing waitress at a Niagara Falls cabaret, she confesses how angry the ordeal has been. Under other circumstances, she would have turned to Ann Marie. "Every weird thing that happened to me as a teenager, whether it was breaking up with my boyfriend or a fall with my mother, Ann Marie was always there," she says. "And here, the biggest thing that's ever happened and she's the one it happened to." On Whistler last month, she was initially furious at the searchers' failure. Then, among the mountain redwoods, she understood the magnitude of what was missing: a five-square-mile mountainside. She brought home an air-worn bottle she found in the woods and a rotting wooden sign that reads Slinging Pans, which she plans to hang in her room. "Wow, I totally understand it's going to take a long time to find her," she says. "But it's such a beautiful place, it's a comfort to know she's there."

Maureen Poiran will control being here to the same conclusion. She refuses to speak of her daughter in the past tense. But, as she and her husband struggle to turn their tragedy into a self-help novel to assist others, she has found comfort in that challenge. One recent night when she could not sleep, she tapped down to the living room and put on the recording Ann Marie's choir had made in 1985 with British composer Sir David Wilcocks, singing the 23rd Psalm. As the 14-barred on their ancient record player, her daughter's voice (Hyman) sang: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." "The Lord is my shepherd," she says, "therefore can I lack nothing." D

## 'In 20 years of police work, I have never had a case like this'



■ Ann Marie (left) with her sister Karen in Quebec, 1996, devastated

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# PERILS OF HOME

## Abductions by parents far outstrip those by strangers

**F**our-year-old Michael Danubei vanished in bright daylight from a Victoria schoolyard on March 24, 1991, while his parents, Bruce and Crystal Danubei, sat nearby. "He was there one minute," says Crystal, "and then he was gone." Now more than four years later, Michael's disappearance remains a mysterious, chilling mystery to parents that a child can easily be kidnapped away. Police say it is important to street-proof children against abduction by a stranger, but they also stress that parental fears aroused by tragic cases like Michael Danubei's need to be put in perspective. "Such abductions are pretty rare," notes John Hlland, the Victoria detective who is investigating Michael's disappearance. In fact, statistics from the RCMP's Missing Children's Registry show that fewer than one percent of missing children are abducted by strangers; the rest are either taken by a parent or leave home on their own. "I don't want to discount the tragedy and profound sense of loss when a child is abducted," says Robert Glowacki, executive-director of social programs with the Vancouver Institute of the Family in Ottawa. "But abduction by strangers is not the cause of the pain in the vast majority of missing-children cases." Yet, studies conducted in the United States, he notes, show that the majority of children abducted that they will rarely be stolen from their families. Says Glowacki, "It's a terrible loss to go through."

The reality is that five times as many children are abducted by a parent than by a stranger. Last year in Canada, there were 204 abductions by parents, compared with 68 by strangers. The children, experts say, are often casualties in bitter divorce struggles. "The assumption is that the kids are OK because they are with one of the parents," says John Carlson, a sociologist with Child Find Victoria. "That is often not the case. Often, it's a matter of revenge, not love." A recent RCMP report documents the physical and emotional wounds inflicted on children who are torn from one parent by another.



■ Danubei left and in age-enhanced photo, a four-year-old mystery

"Often, in such cases, a child is told that he or she is no longer loved by the other parent—or worse, that the parent is dead." Authorities also say that many of the children, forced into a life on the run, do not attend school, are left alone for long periods of time and receive inadequate medical care. Rhonda Morgan, founder of the Calgary-based Missing Children's Society of Canada, notes that studies of adults who experienced parental isolation in their early years "show that they never learn to trust or bond again."

But while some children are taken by force, the vast majority of missing children leave home on their own. Last year, 46,160 of the 50,570 children reported missing in Canada were runaway. Most of them, not, return home within 48 hours—but many become habitual runaways. "We call them throwaways," says David Blum, a

case co-ordinator with Child Find Saskatchewan. "Precious few parents care when these children run away." Some child care experts argue that runaways—most of whom are aged 12 to 17—are acting out youthful rebellion. "There are children whose parents abuse them," explains Dr. Harvey Armstrong, a Toronto child psychiatrist and founder of Parents for Youth, an organization devoted to helping parents deal with problem teenagers. "That is most cases, children who leave home as adolescents can't tolerate us. I see a lot of the day—your brains who tyrannize homes and their parents react and then they say, 'I don't like it here anymore. I'm going to run away.'"

Many youth counselors would disagree. A recent report by the government of Manitoba—the province with the highest rate of runaways—concluded that 53 per cent were fleeing sexual abuse. "Very often, kids on the street have been neglected and abused emotionally, physically and sexually within their families," says Glowacki. "They find it impossible and they leave." Sadly, the options available to them are few. Often runaways take refuge on the streets, getting involved in prostitution, drug and other adult activities, and in survival. Runaways, observes Catherine Crowder, a counsellor at Toronto's Gateway Centre for Street Youth, are most vulnerable when they first land on the street. "They may be lured away from the bus station by gangs," she says. "They think, 'Anybody who loves me and will give me intimacy is OK because I really, really need it.'"

While the number of missing kids is alarming, reported cases are accurate on the decline, having fallen 14 per cent between 1991 and 1994. "We hope that awareness and prevention programs are contributing," says Ottawa-based RCMP Capt. Nicole Laumon-Baert, who notes that RCMP agencies now have a global reach. Over the past six years, Child Find, the RCMP and the Halifax police department started posting photos of missing children on the Internet's World Wide Web. "Our audience is 26 million users," says Sgt. Bill Cooper of the Halifax police department. "We couldn't hope for that much exposure by sending out posters." He adds that it is now possible on the Internet to distribute samples of a child's voice and even a video, raising identification much easier. Cooper is hoping to launch "a ray of sunshine into the gloomy days" behind the disappearances and other problems, whose children's faces can be seen around the world. Still, technology will do little to resolve the problems of parent abductions and runaways. To do that, says Glowacki, "we have to look at the nature of family dynamics and ask if we, as a society, have invested enough time and energy into the well-being of families."

**SHERIDAN DOYLE BRIDGEMAN** also covers *The Day and the Girl* in Toronto and *Robin Apple* in Vancouver.

## PORTRAIT OF A RUNAWAY

**S**he looks like any other kid hanging around Young Street in downtown Toronto—T-shirt, green army pants cut down into shorts, ankle-length Doc Martens. Her long, bleached hair is painted black and clipped. Like any other kid, that is, until she plays down on the sidewalk, and starts asking passersby for change. "I never really decided to live on the street," explains Twilight (her street nickname), a 15-year-old runaway from Calgary. "It's just what I was basically forced into doing."

According to Twilight, her childhood was rife with conflict with her mother, a single parent who she describes as "emotionally and mentally" abusive. She says that her mother would routinely throw her out of the house, only to call the police to report her as a missing person. "One day she took off for seven days and left me alone in the house," claims Twilight.

"So I broke the window to get in and she charged me." That earned the then-13-year-old a two-and-a-half-month stay in juvenile detention. What followed was a demanding group home experience and a short stay in her abusive, alcoholic father's home. When her mother refused to take her back, Twilight ran to Vancouver. "I didn't know where I was supposed to be," she says. "I didn't feel like I belonged anywhere."

While in Vancouver, Twilight earned her nickname for her eagerness to experiment with hallucinogens, among other drugs. In more than two years on the street, she has slept in parks and would sometimes survive. She has also had an abortion. And while

Twilight has companions for her mother, she remains puzzled by her behavior. She still blames her mother, but her mother persists in steadfastly rejecting her runaway. While visiting her daughter in Toronto, she apparently filed such a report. "I don't understand why," says Twilight, "because she knows exactly where I was."

As Twilight sits at a downtown Toronto park, she smiles a pocket full of change onto the grass. She runs her fingers over the currency—mostly pennies—and muses about the future. "I'm going to now all my pent-up because they don't make them anymore," she says. "I heard about some guy who saved his pennies for his entire life and when he took them to the bank he was a millionaire." She pauses. "Actually, I had was \$80,000 or something. Anyway, that's what I'm going to do."

Twilight and her boyfriend, another member of the street culture, scrape together enough money each month to rent a one-room apartment in a run-down part of the city. They cut their meals at a downtown youth drop-in centre. Occasionally, they will struggle for a hot dog; cigarettes are considered a necessity. At the end of the month they plan to move to Vancouver. Maybe, she says, she'll find a job. Maybe she'll go back to school. She mentions the possibility of hosting a live festival out of the house she will someday rent. But if Twilight is successful, almost delirious about where she is headed, she is very clear about where she has been.

CAREY DE GRAY

## FACES FROM THE 'MISSING' FILE

According to the RCMP, there were 55,673 reports of missing children in Canada last year. The vast majority—77 per cent—were juveniles. Of the juveniles, nearly four per cent were abducted by either a parent, a relative or an abductor. Most of the rest either went lost, wandered off or were accidentally kidnapped. The following is a sampling of the cases currently on file with Child Find Canada.



**Nicole Mira**  
Most missing at age 4 on July 30, 1995, in Delta, B.C.



**Jeremiah Moss**  
Most missing at the age of 22 months on June 26, 1993, in Toronto. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, Ross Moss.



**Julian Pettit**  
Most missing at age 1 on July 15, 1995, in East York, B.C.



**Alex Ann Gonzalez**  
Most missing at age 5 on May 22, 1995, in Oakville, Ont. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, Wade Gomez-Sanchez.



**Emma Charlotte Hould**  
Most missing at age 5 on May 25, 1992, in Inuvik, N.W.T. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, John Hould.



**Maria Tranter**  
Most missing at age 5 on Dec. 15, 1992, in Inuvik. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, John Tranter.



**Steven O'Brien**  
Most missing at age 11 on May 24, 1994, in Southwold, Ont. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, John O'Brien.



**Nicole Charles**  
Most missing at age 10 on April 1, 1994, in Oshawa, Ont. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, John Charles.



**Theresa Josephine (Thyia) Proulx**  
Most missing at age 15 on April 1, 1994, in Brampton, Ont. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, John Proulx.



**Christopher Horvat**  
Most missing at age 13 on May 1, 1994, in Toronto, Ont. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, John Horvat.



**Jennifer Lisa Colquhoun**  
Most missing at age 10 on April 1, 1994, in Winnipeg. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, John Colquhoun.



**Ender Hardy**  
Most missing at age 5 on Dec. 26, 1995, in Grand Rapids, Ont. B.C. police with worried his case would be the worst of his case-matched father, John Hardy.

## A FATHER'S FIGHT FOR HIS BOYS

Calvin Weiss Marzpet is not a sentimental man. But he had "a sort of a pat feeling" on the morning of Friday, the 12th of January, when he dropped off his sons, Calvin, then three, and Joey, who was a month shy of his second birthday, at a theme park outside the Canadian Forces base at Petawawa, Ont. For a week he had told the boys their mother's name, but he rearranged wife Simone Hartmann, 26, who had flown in from her home Germany. He had met her in 1990 on a plane on route to his posting in Latvia, where they had married a year later. When they separated in early 1994, she had disappeared with his sons, then returned to deposit them on his doorstep, promising that she did not want to see them after all. Twice she had changed her mind, but when the government closed Lahr and transferred him back home last year, she signed an agreement allowing him to take the boys with him.

After arranging day care on the base, Marzpet was in intense custody order from an Ontario court. Then last December, a military social worker called to announce that Hartmann was in town and wanted to see her sons. He agreed, but only reluctantly by a friend had warned that she planned to abduct them to Germany. In January, he had passed on that warning in a Petawawa court hearing. On the Friday afternoon when Marzpet arrived to pick up the boys, she



Marzpet: "It was just like your whole heart kind of drops"

had already left Petawawa. As Marzpet was phoning the police, her Latvian flight to Frankfurt was being off from Toronto's Pearson airport with Calvin and Joey aboard "It was just like your whole heart kind of drops," he says. "I'd told them in court this was going to happen. But she just walked at the Canadian legal system and laughed right at us."

His sons had become two more statistics in the RCMP's roster of parental abductions. Half of them, like Calvin and Joey, had been spirited to another country. And like others, Marzpet has joined his hopes on the 1980 Hague Convention on international child abduction, which requires that children be returned to the country where they had been living, regardless of whether a custody ar-

der was in effect. In May, he flew to Latvia, where a sturdy family court ordered Hartmann to surrender the boys to him. But she appealed. Last week he learned that he had won that case too, but now must wait for German authorities to inform Hartmann that she must hand over her sons.

According to a 1991 Canadian justice department program, the RCMP will arrange to us derwrite the cost of his flight to retrieve his sons, but only if they are not taken from Hartmann. Already Marzpet has spent almost \$8,000 on the case and he is scrambling to come up with the price of a flight. "It just seems every time we get good news, we run into a wall," he says. "And I'm worried about the boys."

Marzpet has not seen or talked to his children in two months, and Hartmann, a former beautician who is now a welder, has had her phone disconnected. Despite the probability of child-finding agencies, he found that he could not count on his own dogged detective work. "One thing I have learned," he says, "is, 'Do it yourself.'" Indeed, he continues that, in a feeling moment of frustration, he was once tempted to resort to a quack, and not uncommon, course—abducting the children back. "I could go over there myself and take them," he says. "But that would be putting everything I deem so far in jeopardy."

MARY McDONALD

## DEAD-END SEARCH

At 430 p.m. on May 18, John Lane's 15-year-old son, Nicholas, left his grandparents' home in Dartmouth, N.S., with no money, identification, or reliable phone. His family has not seen him since. Efforts to find him have been elusive: the surrounding area has been scanned by helicopter and police tracking dogs. A nearby lake was searched by divers and a local volunteer group scoured a square-mile section of woods, as well as an abandoned gold mine where the teenager had spent time with his best friend. Hundreds of posters have been circulated throughout the province, and Nicholas' disappearance has been reported on the RCMP's (North American Missing Children Association Inc.) home page on the World Wide Web, a heavily used section of the Internet, that apart from a handful of unsubstantiated sightings, no trace of the boy has been found. "My biggest worry is that he is hurt or that someone grabbed him," says his distraught 65-year-old father. "It makes me hope he just blundered away."

It is often difficult to know whether a teenager has been abducted, met with an accident or simply decided to leave home. Some factors in the Lane case, however, may point to the last possibility. Following his parent's divorce when he was five, Nicholas lived with his mother until he was 13. She then decided that he



Nicholas Lane: efforts to find the missing 15-year-old Nova Scotian have unearthed no clues

should go to live with his father. Four years

ago, John Lane, a construction worker who resides in Scotville, N.S., sent Nicholas to live with his grandparents, Arlene and John Lane. The retired couple are now his legal guardians. Nicholas had not attended classes at his private high school since being suspended in March for defying a teacher. And on the day of his disappearance he had a disagreement with his grandfather, although his father assumes that the conflict was minor—no more than the usual friction between a stubborn teen and a supervising adult.

For Col. Wayne Hains, the Dartmouth police officer investigating the disappearance, "Most people are located within a day or a week," he observes, "or there is some indication of their whereabouts." It is unusual, he adds, for two months to elapse with no clues. Says Hains: "It's extremely frustrating for everyone."

The disappearance of Nicholas, however, has not dampened the energy of Linda Davis, president and founder of the Halifax-based NOCCA Davis, 63, helped to get Lane's parents onto the Internet. And she is now trying to organize more flyers, hoping to catch the attention of truck drivers and other boys to boy to boy. "I caught a bad cold today, Dads believe there is a good chance that the troubled teen will eventually be found."

PATRICIA CRISHOLM



Riding a horse just for the glory of being a cowboy

## SPORTS

# Rodeo's adrenaline rush

BY MARY NEMETH

For 10 days in July, they are at the apex of the city's social pyramid, at the very pinnacle of Western cool. All of Calgary, from schoolchildren to oil executives, are dressed up to take their place. And the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede is designed to orchestrate their culture. They are the rodeo riders, and cowboys who represent the last vestiges of the mythologized Wild West. In the course of their work, they are surrounded by wild bulls and knuckled around by bucking horses. They trade their horses and watch their horses. And although a fortunate, talented rodeo can make a handsome living on the rodeo circuit, many struggle to get by, riding, leasing and taking the dirt just for the adrenaline rush and the glory of being a cowboy. "Everybody wants that dream—to make a living at the rodeo," says Dennis Kester, a 35-year-old barrel racer and truck driver from Ardmore, Ala., who has suffered several injuries and earned just \$1,200 in 18 rodeo outings this year. "I

be happy to go to a hundred rodeos and just break even."

The Calgary Stampede, which is expected to attract more than 250,000 visitors to the city of 700,000 by the time it closes on July 15, features an agricultural show, a midway with roller coaster rides and a circus, much like summer fairs anywhere. It draws cowboy music stars like Lyn Buck and Patience Co-

## Calgary's Stampede preserves the spirit of the Wild West

roy, and it sponsors flamboyant parades, breakfasts and barbecues around town. Just the event, organizers claim, generates about \$20 million for the city. But the rides and the gambling and the concerts are all just window dressing for what is, at heart, one of the oldest rodeos in North America.

The Calgary Stampede was founded in 1922, dreamed up by an American promoter named Guy Weadick who had toured the Wild West shows of his day, settled in Calgary and decided to create a spectacle bigger and better than all the others. Rodeo events originally grew out of ranch life: working cowboys had to leave calves to catch them and they had to ride wild horses to break them. Over the years, cowboys invented other events, like riding on the backs of bulls, just for the challenge involved. Today, the Stampede's long history, and nearly \$600,000 in prize money, make it one of the two or three most prestigious rodeos in North America. Some 500 cowboys competed in the Stampede's last year, including such top Canadians as saddle bronc rider Drury Hay, who earned over \$100,000 in Canadian and U.S. rodeo last year, and Blaine Peterson, a steer wrestler who earned more than \$50,000.

Along with growing popularity, rodeos are facing increasing criticism from animal rights activists. At the Calgary Stampede last week, three horses were injured and had to be killed.





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## JUSTICE

# Fateful obsession

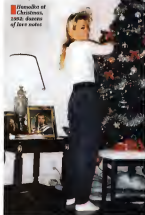
**Paul Bernardo's lawyer  
accuses Karla Homolka  
of killing two girls**

I was a bottle of wet and wild, filled with startling accusations, blunt denials and heated exchanges. For seven days, defence lawyer John Rosen, a streetwise and tempestuous courtroom performer, relentlessly attacked the icy, impetuous woman in the witness stand. 25-year-old Karla Homolka. Neither Rosen nor Homolka emerged a clear winner in the contest, which concluded last week midway through the first-degree murder trial in Toronto of Homolka's ex-husband, Paul Bernardo, 30. Rosen managed to cast doubt on Homolka's claims that she participated in the brutal sex slayings of Leslie Mahaly, 14, and Krystina French, 15, because she was terrified of her violent and abusive husband. Yet Homolka stuck to her story that she was an unwilling accomplice. And, with exasperation in her voice and a look of disbelief on her face, she curtly dismissed his most serious allegations—that she seduced Mahaly and may have bludgeoned French to death with a rubber mallet.

During his grilling of the Crown's star witness, Rosen laid the right case, barman-porn that Homolka was so obsessed with Bernardo that she willingly went along with his schemes to kidnap and rape young girls in order to save what he sarcastically termed a "daytime marriage." He concluded his cross-examination by suggesting that their relationship had begun to deteriorate following the death, on Dec. 28, 1986, of Homolka's 15-year-old sister, Tammy, who choked to death on her own vomit. Bernardo and Homolka dragged and raped her. Following that tragedy, Rosen said, Bernardo began to assault and molest Homolka. But far from letting him, she became more devoted to Bernardo and remained determined to make him happy right up until June 5, 1993, when her parents finally dragged her out of the St. Catharines, Ont., home she shared with her husband.

Besides attacking the credibility of Homolka's story, Rosen also raised several troubling questions about her May, 1993, plea bargain deal with the Ontario attorney-general's unit. She is now serving consecutive 12-year prison terms for manslaughter in the deaths of French and Mahaly. In exchange for these

Homolka at Christmas, 1992, dressed in her sister's clothes



relatively lenient sentences, she agreed to testify against Bernardo. The deal also shielded her from prosecution in the death of her sister Tammy in June. It was intended to cover her involvement in the sexual assault of a fourth teenager, known only as Jane Doe, who survived and is expected to testify against Bernardo. Rosen warned Homolka that the deal could be rescinded, and that she could be charged with kidnapping, sexual assault or sexual assault if new evidence against her emerged in Bernardo's trial.

Throughout his cross-examination, Rosen

insisted that Homolka was far more involved in the crimes than she had previously acknowledged. He suggested, contrary to her earlier assertions, that Homolka enjoyed "kinky three-way sex" and eagerly participated in the assault on Mahaly, which took place in the master bedroom of the Bernardo house. When the sex ended early in the morning on June 16, 1991, Rosen said, Bernardo wanted to dump the teenager, who had been drugged and bludgeoned throughout her ordeal, somewhere in her home town of Burlington, about 35 km northwest of St. Catharines. He was elsewhere in the house getting ready to leave, according to the defence lawyer, when Homolka knelt on Mahaly's back and held her face in a pillow until she suffocated. "What you are getting to me is a lie," Homolka said in response to that suggestion. "Paul strangled her with a black electrical cord."

Homolka had earlier testified that Bernardo strangled French with a similar piece of cord on the morning of April 19, 1992. But Rosen went far beyond a different explanation. He said that on Saturday evening, Bernardo told his wife that he loved French—which they both did—before he kidnapped her two days earlier—and wanted to keep her as a sex slave for an unspecified period of time. But Homolka argued that the girl had to die, partly to avoid the rules involved in holding her captive any longer.

Shortly after that discussion, Bernardo went out for his last food and to rent a videotape. He left French on the floor of the master bedroom with a black electrical cord around her neck, which was attached to the headboard and cords used to lead her hands and feet. In Bernardo's absence, French tried to escape, but Homolka began beating her on the head and face with a rubber mallet. The girl died, Rosen claimed, either from blows inflicted by Homolka or by accidentally strangling herself with the cord around her neck.

While Homolka coolly brushed aside Rosen's suggestion that she and not Bernardo was the killer, she had a much more difficult time trying to explain dozens of love notes and cards which she gave her former husband. The defence lawyer used Homolka's own words to portray her as a woman completely obsessed with Bernardo, a passion that survived all his beatings and abuse. In fact, in May, 1992, with the death of her sister Tammy and murders of Mahaly and French behind her, Homolka revealed, in a typically gleeful letter to her best friend, that she was looking forward to having a baby with Bernardo. She added, "I don't wait!"

DANACE JENNISON

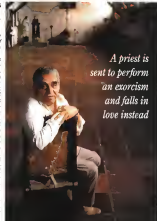
# Rabid religion

OF LOVE AND OTHER DEMONS  
By Gabriel Garcia Márquez  
(Knopf Canada, 147 pages,  
\$26.95)

Long before he wrote *One Hundred Years of Solitude* and won the 1982 Nobel Prize for it, Enrique Gabriel García Márquez worked as a newspaper reporter in his native Colombia. One infinite day in 1949, his editor at the Bogotá daily asked the 23-year-old journalist to investigate the demolition of an old convent. Márquez watched as workers broke in to the adjacent land—and an covered a flow of copper red hair which he says was over 22 metres long. It was attached to the skull of a girl, Santa María de Tóledo Las Angéles. The discovery led Márquez to recall a legend his grandmother had told him, about a 13-year-old Colombian girl with fantastically long hair who had died of rickets from a dog bite. He speculated that the workers had found the girl's grave—and now, newly laid a century later, he has transcribed his memories into a draft of somewhat overwrought novella, *Of Love and Other Demons*.

Of course, this is far from the first time that Márquez has become attached to something as bizarre as 22 metres of hair. The most famous of Latin America's magic realists, he turned the tale of stripes upon death in his 1930 masterwork, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*—a book that introduced its readers to such phenomena as rain mow and a magnet so powerful it pulled nails out of walls. And yet, Márquez's reputation as a magic realist has tended to obscure how painstaking an observer he is of actual human life—and how quickly he has come to use supernatural effects. Indeed, his superb 1988 novel, *Love in the Time of Cholera*, could almost be described as realistic. And even *Of Love and Other Demons*, which it recalls the mostly exaggerated characters of his earlier work, contains little if any very free magical images.

It is as though Márquez has relinquished how quickly magic realism can pale after all, if there are miracles on every page, they



Márquez's dog bite sparks a class of magic events.

soon seem less than miracles. Yet he still retains a gothic eloquence of plot and character, at the point where *Of Love and Other Demons* seems as intricately carved as a no-co church facade. At the center of his tale is Sierra—the girl with the long hair—whom Márquez has imagined as the only child of a declining noble family in an unexcused 18th-century Caribbean seaport, the father, the Marquis, is a man of slothlike upper-class laziness, who spends most of his life in his hammock. Her mother is a sympathetic and cocaine addict, who is dying miserably of her excesses, ignored by her parents. Sierra lives with their slaves, who pass her face black and teach her African dances.

One day in the market, a mad dog bites the girl. Fearing she has rabies, though she never actually succumbs (it's symptomatic), her

father (who has in various guises doctors—some barbaric, treatment men drives Sierra to the brink of madness) The Marquis then seeks the advice of the local bishop, who declares that Sierra is possessed by the devil. She is confined in a local convent and a priest, Father Delucio, is assigned to perform an exorcism. His idea is love with her.

Instead, he can do nothing to save her from the determined clutches of the church. In Latin America, the novel could be read as a false direct assault against the Catholic Church—which it portrays as tragically ignorant of reality. After his first meeting with Sierra, Father Delucio tells his bishop, "I do not believe the child is possessed. I believe she is only terrified." Yet the bishop cannot accept the simple accuracy and humanity of this statement. He believes in demons and therefore must find them, unaware that he himself is possessed by the demons of his own ideological delusion.

This is a situation that clearly has applications well beyond the bounds of religion. The bishop is no different from any one—technocrat, politician, teacher, parent—who allows a position for certain ideological beliefs for fear certain rational judgments to get in the way of saving souls. The grotesque climax at the novel shows just how destructive such blindness can be, unleashing prejudice in power and control, and with it, society's only chance for a better future.

One of the pleasures of reading Márquez's work is following his meandering path. *Of Love and Other Demons* can take the charming story of the Marquis's first, happy marriage to a woman who coerced his into love by reaching him to play the lute. And then there is the wonderful meeting between Abreolava, an ex-slave, and Father Delucio, in which their mutual love of levers connects a shaky bridge across their ideological differences.

But such delights do not make up for a certain rigid, serious quality. The best fiction has a suggestive power, an ability to evoke previous work without being too direct. In *Of Love and Other Demons*, Márquez has created such a highly polished surface that it blocks off access to other dimensions and precludes a strong emotional reaction to his tale. One particular demon—the temptation to keep too tight a grip on his story—has gotten the better of him.

JAMIE DEBROCK



Revolutionaries with pop star Sting: a plot to open up national commons?

## The greed in green

Has environmentalism been co-opted by business?

### CLOUD OF GREEN

By Allan G. Goss  
(Simon & Schuster, 497 pages,  
\$22.95)

In November, 1986, a Mayan Indian from Brazil's remote Páramo Páramo came to Toronto to raise a few dollars. Páramo told a receptive church audience that his people's tribal lands were threatened by a hydroelectric project that could destroy an area of rain forest the size of Britain. He showed slides of idyllic forest scenes and folk-dancing children. "We want to conserve like that," declared Páramo, through an interpreter, that some details of the presentation, including an image of Páramo's children with guns on their hips, troubled journalist Elaine Dewar, who was in the church that night. She subsequently learned that the Kayapo, far from being primitive guardians of the rain forest, were heavily armed and well-versed in hard-core land-use ecology. Why then, Dewar asked, were they being promoted by various environmental organizations and, indirectly, the Canadian government? The answer that Dewar arrived at after five years of investigation is breathtaking: the Kayapo—the forces backing the Kayapo, the claims, were in fact part of a far-reaching plan

whose objective is to transfer power to multinational bodies "while stripping it away from nation states."

The notion that Dewar puts forward—that Páramo is part of a massive plot, which she calls a "Global Greening Agenda," exists with the aim of opening up closed national economies to multinational corporations. In a book whose arguments and conclusions are often contradictory and hard to follow, Dewar seems to suggest that the forces behind this supposed agenda took the Kayapo's case in the hope of weakening Brazilian government control over their homeland and opening up Amazonian lands to exploitation by foreign companies.

Dewar's investigation took her to as American research station deep in the Brazilian rain forest, where she encountered two mysterious Americans. According to the author, she became nervous when she realized that they knew her husband's name and other things about her, which she could not recall having mentioned to them. Yet says Dewar, "I smiled up my skin and said there. The dark side whispered that there was a lot of me somewhere." In fact, nothing came of the incident, and the reader is left wondering whether Dewar's imagination was working overtime.

Even so, Dewar's suspicion is backed. The players in the plan to move authority away

from national governments, she writes, include Canadian multinational corporations and a number of well-known Canadian and U.S. environmental bodies. Dewar also mentions the real purpose of the UN World 1992 Rio de Janeiro Earth Summit, saying that the business and other interests were using the United Nations as a platform to sell the idea of a "global environmental crisis—and to promote the Global Greening Agenda."

Dewar suggests that the hidden aim of the Rio conference was to advance the agenda by persuading national governments to create parastatals in key environmental areas in the UN bureaucracy.

In the end, the Rio conference produced little in the way of concrete measures. But Dewar is convinced that the North American Free Trade Agreement and the European Community's growing political influence are signs that the Agenda is unfolding anyway. "By the year 2000," she asserts, "there would be few independent national entities left capable of defending local communities" from exploitation by multinational corporations. Dewar appears unimpressed by the notion that certain environmental problems, such as the thinning of the world's ozone layer and the threat of global warming, are beyond the scope of nation-states to remedy, and therefore require supranational measures.

Dewar also claims that some of Canada's trading environmental organizations are not that open to her. Secretive and uncooperative, they are financially backed by large corporations that claim have poor environmental records—and "they all took some funds and some policy direction from the federal government." Some, Dewar adds, are unwilling to deal of outside interests, while others are "too busy" to be aware of their role as government officials.

Dewar became something of a celebrity in 1988 when three of Toronto's wealthy, Bushman brothers and their company, Olympia & York Developments Ltd., used Dewar and Toronto Life magazine for \$100 million as an article she wrote that they would influence their family. The case was subsequently settled out of court, and the magazine published a one-page apology. The experience may account for Dewar's tendency in *Cloud* to hint at the motives of some prominent individuals and suggest they were not completely honest.

At the same time, her highly subjective approach results in a narrative cluttered with random naming detail.

Dewar's book does raise some intriguing questions about the activities of nongovernmental organizations and some environmental groups. As this author produces such evidence to suggest that there is some conspiracy at international scale to undermine the authority of national governments. But in the final analysis, her thesis suffers from the lack of most conspiracy theories, which posit a grand design that is at once vast, sinister—and ultimately unprovable.

MARK NICHOLS



## The many lives of a saintly Manitoban

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

One day I asked George Johnson, as a boy from the wide Prairie, he had joined the Canadian Navy in the last great war that was going to make the world safe for democracy.

He said that as a young man he had been reading First World War history. He decided, as reflection, that he didn't want to die of treason in some muddy trench in France, but would rather die of drowning at sea.

Dr. George Johnson, spending the war as an officer in command of German ships in the cold North Atlantic, didn't drown. Instead, he died a couple of days ago in his cottage in Gink, Man., refusing to go to hospital, surrounded by the family that lived and worshipped him. He was 74. The term "a prince among men" was invented for him.

If there ever has been produced a first Canadian citizen, we haven't found it yet. If ever there has been an enemy of George Johnson, the person has yet to be discovered. He wasn't a saint, he just acted like one. Any private boy who decides he'd rather be drowning at sea than to be a saint.

George Johnson, country doctor, Manitoba cabinet minister, deputy minister, the Order of Canada, Ireland's Order of the Falcon and Newfoundland governor, had a million names. He was in his first university class in May of 1964 when the professor, an Englishman, forced all the English class to be present. "How can you sit here when Britain is under fire?" Twelve of the class promptly marched down to the Winnipeg recruiting centre.

The seasoned recruiting officer, as it turned out, was fed up with his recruits with struggles arriving with details of their "saviour" about daddy's yacht. He asked the new-comer what he knew about ships. "Nothing," said Johnson. "You're in," was the immediate response. Shipped to Royal Roads College in Victoria, he became pals with Kim Robble—father of Margaret Robble—who had his liquor supply in the basement in the closet. The chap then unknowingly blessing it at each service.

All of the children are overachievers, a



strange mixture of the outgoing George and the firm hand of Doris, his wife of 30 years. One daughter is a leading obstetrician and gynaecologist at Toronto Hospital. One son is banker and director at Manitoba's Reptile Queens.

One daughter, flying in desperately from Ireland before his death, writes and illustrates children's books. Another son, now riding his 7 in his Canada's frequent flyer books, runs the largest Canadian-owned government contracting firm in the country, ranging from Victoria to Brussels. One daughter has a master's degree in educational psychology. One daughter is a member of the Canadian Senate. None of them is normal.

At the funeral, a handsome grandson, son of Doris's, elegantly did *The Road to Serenity*, from Philippines and the Cordilleras.

Gink sits on Lake Winnipeg 30 minutes

north of Winnipeg. It's the isolated capital of Canada, where thousands of Islanders starved a century ago when they tried to recreate a fishing village in the summer of their naive last. Islanders here drip all the way through the Johnson family.

To believe that family there were problems. George, shipped to Halifax by the Navy that failed to drown him, had been courting Doris (Maudie of Doris). Servant's maid had to be omitted for fear of troop shipments getting out. George and Doris concocted a code in these letters, it was that she was to come Halifax to get married.

Doris took the train from Winnipeg to Halifax, carrying a wedding cake on her lap all the way. The young sailor in Halifax, trying to find a hotel room for the consummation, had hotel clerks—"we've heard that one before"—laughing in his face. Eventually, the business who was not a saint found a way.

After the war, after medical school, the Gink country doctor in 40-below winter weather drove the gravel roads to remote farms, and charged \$1 a house call. He brought 1,219 babies into the world in eight years. When they built a new school in Gink, they let the children name it. So it became the George Johnson Elementary School—rather natural since he had delivered almost all of them.

In 1958, Premier Duff Robble named the now-legendary country doctor his Conservative cabinet. Johnson served 12 years, introducing healthcare in Manitoba, and retained as deputy minister of health in Sterling Lyon's Tory government.

In Winnipeg's First Lutheran Church, the overflow of 500 members sat in the basement, listening to tributes over loudspeakers. Three of the normal children spoke. The honorary pall-bearers included Robble, Lyon and Premier Gary Filmon.

At the wake, I asked Doris how he had plucked the doc from medicine to politics. He said he had driven out to Gink to meet him. The formidable Doris, being famous for being formidable, mistook him for a drug company salesman and made him cool his heels outside for 90 minutes before her husband arrived. "I didn't even check his politics," Robble explained. "I was just looking for quality."

As those who cherished him stripped off their jackets before the bar in the milling summer heat, I suggested to a prominent Manitoba politician at that time that the George Johnson in fact was probably a socialist. He looked at me quizzically. "Oh sure," he said.

## You Have Six People For Dinner And No Time To Make Dessert... What Do You Do?



Take a Sara Lee Pound Cake from the freezer and slice it into three, lengthwise. Then, take some fresh fruit - such as strawberries - and some whipped cream or other topping, and spoon about a third of the cream and the berries onto each layer of cake. Top with additional cream and fruit, and Gink! Now you have six fresh fruit tarts, made in minutes.

When your guests ask who made this delicious dessert, just look them straight in the eye and say "Me!"

Me—and Sara Lee



Like father, like son.

The Motorola MicroTAC Ultra Lite™ has a legend to live up to. Over fifty years ago we defined durability with the SCR 536, the world's first hand-held wireless radio. Tough then. Tough now. Motorola. The best-selling, most preferred cellular phones in the world.

